PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 15 1942

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIV. No. 599. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 101
THE WORLD FRONT 103
WHITEHALL AND WARDHA. By Edward Thompson 103
PRODUCTION AND THE FIRE SERVICE. By London Fireman 104
CAME THE DAWN? By Sagittarius . . . 104
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 105
THIS ENGLAND 105
OPINION IN THE MAKING. By G. D. H. Cole 106
THE PESSIMISTIC SPEECH. By A. Utis . 107
UN-ENGLISH. By Y.Y. 107
VOYAGE INTO THE PAST. By Roger Marvell 108
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 108
PARSONIC. By Gwen Raverat . . . 108
CORRESPONDENCE 108
From Dorothy F. Buxton; J. O. Crewdson; H. Edelston; Rev. F. H. Micklewright; Antiquarian Bookseller; Victor Gollancz; Col. Clive Garsia
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Stephen Spender 110
REVIEWS: Page
Economic Policy. By Harold J. Laski 111
Or So the Story Goes. By G. W. Stonier 111
A Summing Up. By Edward Sackville West 112
Different Sorts of Twins. By Harry Roberts 112
Education in Architecture. By Raymond Mortimer 113
Science and Planning. By J. G. Crowther 114
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 114

THE INDIAN TRAGEDY

THIS glimmer of hope exists about the Indian situation—that, except among the very blindest officials and least thoughtful patriots, there is no complacency about a situation of growing danger and tragedy. From the immediate military point of view one can hardly imagine anything more encouraging to the Japanese than that the Government of India should be at war with an incalculable number of Indian Nationalists. Japanese troops are massed apparently in readiness for invasion as soon as the season of the monsoons is past, and an attack from the sea seems also to be contemplated. Meanwhile, Mr. Bhose and a few other Indian propagandists, whose hatred of British Imperialism has made them active allies of the Axis, collaborate with the Japanese and the Germans in exacerbating anti-British sentiment.

At such times violence breeds violence, and a mob embarked on a course of non-violence may do things, as Gandhi found on an earlier occasion, which are by no means in accordance with the spirit of the Mahatma's teaching. On the side of repression, once a free hand is given to the police violent incidents are inevitable. Charges with lathis (long sticks with lead tips, not light canes as the B.B.C. suggests) and indiscriminate shooting are the routine necessities to disperse Nationalist crowds. Far more serious from the point of view of future relations between British and Indian people is the reintroduction of whipping as a punishment. Indians who realise that police and military must use force to disperse crowds are brought by the whipping order to a condition of fury and humiliation which is in the present circumstances worth many squadrons of aeroplanes and armies of soldiers to the watchful Japanese. To the Indian the use of the lash is the final refutation of our claims to be fighting this war for any ideal connected with liberty or equality. One of the most frequent subjects of Allied propaganda on hoardings and in newspapers has been the image of the Nazi wielding the lash over the driven multitudes he has enslaved. We do not want the coloured peoples of the Empire, who will regard whipping as terrorism whether before or after trial, to ask whether the man who wields the lash is German or British.

The British case for repression (though not for whipping) is strong. Congress persists in talking as if it were a simple matter to create a National Government with full powers in the middle of the war, and as if no Hindu-Moslem problem were involved in its creation. It can point to the uncertainty and confusion of Congress resolutions, to the threat of mounting civil disobedience, which, we learn on the evidence of Government information, was in the later stages to reach the point of active sabotage. The immemorial conclusion of Governments in such circumstances is that it is wisest to strike first; that the risk to the war industry and military defence of India will be less if repression is drastic and immediate.

There is much to be said against this simple case. We shall not fall into the mistake of talking as if no blame belonged to the Indian leaders. Indeed, as politicians their ineptitude can only be explained by saying that it displays at every stage the psychology of a subject race united only in opposition to the conqueror. The "minority mind" was never better exemplified than in the leaders of Congress. Nor do we meet the situation by dwelling on the case against an Imperialism which has neither given them freedom to govern themselves nor released their millions from degrading poverty in the course of an undisputed risk of more than a century and a half. The comparative decency and liberalism of Britain has not taught us to avoid the repetition of the usual story of offers that came too late. Even the serious effort of Sir Stafford Cripps was made to look much less sincere because clearly extorted from the British Government by the threat of Japanese invasion. Such facts are worth recalling now, because they may help to prevent opinion in England hardening until it is, indeed, too late.

There are still in Britain and Asia some who are unwilling to abandon the hope of settlement by reason. We note the request by Rajagopalachari for renewed negotiations and the dismay of Chungking, which understands that the Indian conflict jeopardises the whole cause of the United Nations in Asia. Then there is the plea of Dr. Foss Westcott, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. He points out, what few in Britain have remarked, that the Government of India acted not in reply to an actual order of civil disobedience, but at a very moment when Gandhi had declared his desire to pospone civil disobedience and to discuss matters with the Viceroy with a view to Congress taking a full share in the military defence of India. The Metropolitan urges that the last statements from Congress showed "strong grounds" for still attempting negotiation.

> That force has been employed must not be allowed to rule conference out of court. Within the Congress there are strong elements on the side of active participation in the war effort and in complete alignment with the Allied Nations. The creation of a council chosen by the real leaders of the political parties of India with real executive power now would unite all in the common war front.

Such words should count for something when they come from the Bishop of Calcutta. We add one point we consider crucial. Obviously negotiations bristle with difficulties: the basis must be co-operation in the war, and a new Government, such as the Bishop of Calcutta or Rajagopalachari urge, must be representative of the main sections of Indian opinion. It will be said that such negotiations are not likely to succeed. We say that negotiations may be wearisome and inconclusive, but that, however difficult they are, they are better than civil war or the sulky mood of a repressed people. The Japanese will know, as they approach the frontier, whether they prefer an India in which inconclusive negotiations proceed to one in which the hope of reasonable settlement has been abandoned.

Epitaph on Munich

The notes exchanged by Mr. Eden and Mr. Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister in exile, make two points. First, since Germany violated the pledges of 1938, Britain regards herself free from the engagements made at Munich. Secondly, the settlement of the post-war frontiers of Czechoslovakia will not be affected by changes since 1938. Mr. Masaryk in his notes and a subsequent broadcast has accepted these notes as satisfactory. Munich is dead, indeed; and this obituary notice wastes no regret upon its demise. But while it may not influence the post-war frontiers, that is not to say that the boundaries of Central Europe can be regarded as eternally fixed at their Versailles limits. When hostilities cease, many factors will affect frontiers; as military and customs barrier they form indeed an out-of-date conception. Europe will see new groupings, and rulers who are wise will look for a better protection for the cultural autonomy we all desire than a Maginot line or mountain range which a Junker flies and which a Panzer division outflanks. No country has been saved by its fortified frontier in this war. Moreover, changes in population and the mixture of nationalities may necessitate widely different divisions and guarantees of freedom, and do not follow automatically from the liberation of nations which absurdly called themselves sovereign before the war. The Atlantic Charter promised to all peoples the governments of their choice. In this respect Czechoslovakia bristles with difficulty. Slovak troops are fighting against Russia: is Slovakia to retain the Magyar southern rim of pre-war days? The Social Democrats of the Sudetenland have put up a far stronger resistance against Hitlerism. Even now they are being hanged as deserters and executed for rioting. Wenzel Jaksch, their leader in this country, opposed the Henlein Nazis to the German entry. Will this democratic German minority be consulted in the settlement? It has no share in the Free Czech government. The Anglo-Czech notes make no mention of minority rights. These Sudeten Social Democrats have braved much. Their case is merely one of a variety of examples of problems, the solution of which cannot be laid down now and which should not be rashly compromised.

The Fourth Republic

The French workers' movement is manifesting its vitality. It has suffered shock after shock; disunion in the war—there was a far stronger pacifist wing in the French than in the British Socialist parties—collaboration with Germany by some leaders since the Armistice; proscription of trades unionism in the Occupied Zone; opposition from Vichy. Yet, as might have been expected, from workmen as educated and as independent as those of France, these misfortunes have produced a strong reaction. M. André Philip, professor of law at Lyons University, who recently joined the Fighting French in London, was the speaker at a trades union meeting on Monday to celebrate the anniversary of the capture of the Tuileries in 1789. He told how the unions, organised departmentally, were the first to create groups for resistance, and to circulate clandestine bulletins, one with a circulation of 50,000. It was the working people who demonstrated at Lyons when the Germans had put on a concert by the Berlin Philharmonic to coincide with the execution of twenty-five hostages at Paris. They marched past the hall singing the Marseillaise. The seats remained almost empty, and the orchestra gave up after one piece. The men of St. Nazaire, the men of Bir Hakeim, were one, said André Philip; the workers of France will not receive their liberty, they will reconquer it, and realise in a Fourth Republic the social and economic principles of '89. France, it is true, won from that revolution a social egalitarianism which was incomplete, and left the capricious injustice of capitalist economics untouched. But it permeated the life of the people; the "rights of man" has real meaning in the French mind. The general suffering of the occupation does not arouse such violent revulsion as a discriminatory injustice like Laval's servile pogrom. He may get his 20,000 Jews and Communists to sate Himmler's maw—it is reported that 7,000 have already been rounded up and deported—but he is getting no help, and only outraged obstruction from the nation at large. It is mainly this sense of right, legal right, and equality which renders resistance to alien tyranny a people's movement; and no future for France can be practically envisaged which does not extend the principles of liberty and equal opportunity. There will be no Third Empire: there can be a Fourth Republic.

Palestine Army

The creation of a Palestine Regiment of separate Jewish and Arab battalions, announced by Sir James Grigg in the House last week, is probably the best immediate compromise between the difficult undertaking of building up a world Jewish Army and the past policy of giving the Palestinian Jews no chance to defend their country except as hewers of wood and drawers of water in the Babylonian exile of the East Kent Regiment. The difficulties of the Jew-Arab problem are, of course, immense, and the debate on the Jewish Army, in which a Jewish member (Mr. Lipson) and two members with special knowledge of Palestine (Capt. de Chair and Sir Derrick Gunston) spoke against the proposal for a separate Army, showed how various even well-informed opinion is. On the other hand, if the Government's solution is as simple as Sir James Grigg made it seem, why couldn't it be applied two or three years ago, instead of being left until the enemy is at the gate? There's a specious quality about most War Office pronouncements, and this one was no exception. When M.P.s are told that the Palestine Volunteer Force ("open to all sections of the community") will be expanded *to a maximum of* 2,000 "as arms, equipment and training facilities can be made available," do they really feel, I wonder, that an adequate dam is being built in the way of the Nazi flood? As for Sir James Grigg's statement that "Jews of alien nationality have very abundant opportunities for service in the British Army as volunteers," I wonder whether he is really unaware, or is deliberately pretending ignorance, of the extent to which their origin affects the lives of Jews in the British Army, especially when they become candidates for commissions.

Patriotism and Business

The twelfth report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure completely clears the good names of Mr. H. Beaver and Mr. T. P. Bennett, but adduces nothing to make the wrong system of dual allegiance in the Civil Service look right. Business men should not be appointed as Civil Servants to administer their own trades unless they sever all connection with their old firms, particularly if these firms remain contractors to their administrative departments. Yet, say the Committee, "a policy so stringent would deprive the Government in wartime of the services of men in a position to render invaluable help to the State." Are business men really so unpatriotic as to be unwilling to serve their country on selfless and disinterested lines? Mr. Beaver, Director-General of Works and Buildings, and Mr. Bennett, Director of Works, both of the Ministry of Works and Planning, have now severed their old connections and are in receipt of official salaries of £2,500 and £2,000 a year respectively. Up to March, 1942, Mr. Beaver remained a partner in the firm of Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, although he took no active part in the business. This firm acted as consulting engineers to the Ministry of Works and to the Ministry of Supply in the construction of Royal Ordnance Factories and other factories with their attendant hostels. The total estimated cost of this work was £48 millions, and the total cost of the supervision carried out by the firm was £1,100,000, of which the firm's fee amounted to £46,000. In addition special "out-of-pocket" expenses were incurred by the firm on behalf of the Government amounting to £931,000. "The cost of supervision," commented the Committee, "works out at a lower figure than is ordinarily paid to consultant firms engaged on works of considerable magnitude." Mr. Beaver at no time took any part in negotiations regarding the fees to be paid to his firm. Then how stupid of the Government to allow him to draw an income from his firm instead of from the Government! Mr. Bennett was the senior partner of T. P. Bennett and Son, architects, who received three commissions from the Ministry of Works and Buildings to design the layout of hostels. Although Mr. Bennett was then acting as Deputy Director of Works, he had no hand in the placing of these commissions which brought his firm £25,200 in fees. No doubt Mr. Bennett and Mr. Beaver are as able as they are honest. Then why does it not occur to the Civil Service to use their brains, experience and skill in administering departments unconnected with their former trade or profession? A trained mind is often more resourceful when it is applied to a problem different from the routine of its normal life.

The Case of Dr. Curtis

There is a strange contrast between the "happy returns" accorded to Messrs. Beaver and Bennett and the shabby treatment meted out to Dr. F. C. C. Curtis. Like Mr. Bennett, Dr. Curtis was an architect (he was also a lecturer in architecture at the University of Liverpool), and like Mr. Beaver he was a member of the firm of Sir Alexander Gibb, but he was a mere employee, not a partner. In February, 1942, he was "lent" by Sir Alexander Gibb to the Ministry of Works and Buildings for urgent work at the Ministry's peremptory request, but on June 5 the firm received a letter saying that he would not be employed after June 30. A second letter intimated that he was being dismissed. On July 2, Dr. Curtis received his calling-up papers from the military authorities. Now in this case a slur was cast on the character of a temporary Civil Servant by the Ministry itself, and although the slur was removed by the Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Hicks, when the case was debated on the adjournment of the House last week, Dr. Curtis has not been reinstated. The reason for the dismissal was that Dr. Curtis was the son of a British subject by birth and of a German mother, that he had acquired for a time dual citizenship (as his father did), that he married a German Jewess, and was employed in Germany until 1933, when the persecution of the Jews began and he lost his job. Dr. Curtis apparently did not comply with the strict letter of the Treasury rule regarding the nationality of Government employees. But when he was taken from Sir Alexander Gibb's employ by the Ministry of Works, this fact was not disclosed. There was no hint that his employment was to be temporary, pending the appointment of some full-blooded Britisher, and there was no suspicion of his loyalty. But the rigid law was not stretched in his favour. He was just a University lecturer, a comparatively poor employee. He was not a part of the big vested interests dominating the trades his Department was administering. In their judgment on Mr. Beaver and Mr. Bennett the Select Committee on National Expenditure reported that the Minister "emphasised *that even if they preferred not to give up their connection with their firms, he would still wish to retain their services in the Ministry.*" Contrast this handsome gesture with the shabby dismissal of the less important Dr. Curtis. The Civil Service has not only made a muddle over Dr. Curtis but committed by comparison a rank injustice.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1d. ; Canada, 1d

THE WORLD FRONT

German armies have reached outlying oilfields of the Caucasus. Against this German achievement, we have to set the fact that the Russian armies are not destroyed, that elsewhere on the front, notably against the big drives at Voronezh and Stalingrad, the Russian armies have held up the Germans, and that the U.S.S.R. Command has always contemplated the possibility of the German armies reaching to the Caucasian foothills. The Russians have large stores of oil, and the Volga is not the only route by which the main oil supplies reach Moscow and feed Russia's army, agricultural and production centres.

This year's German drive was first aimed, as is their practice, exactly midway between their two possible objectives, Moscow and Rostov. A possible development northwards was blocked. A thrust towards Moscow is still a possibility later in the year, but after the breakthrough the main German forces swung southwards, turning their backs on Moscow, and practically severed the connection between the main Red armies and the less powerful Russian forces based on the Caucasus. The German attack now meets a mountain barrier.

The Caucasus proved difficult for Alexander the Great and the Roman legions. But to-day oil of the sort hidden in the flanks of these mountains serves to flatten them: the petrol engine climbs over or flies over physical barriers that used to be impregnable. The whole of the Caucasus is therefore in danger, and with it the Soviet Black Sea fleet, and the gateways to Iraq and Iran, as well as the troops now in the Caucasus or moving there. The Turks are also in danger, already more than half encircled; a line joining Maikop and Mersa Matruh leaves on the German side of it almost all of Turkey that matters.

Other "pincers" are closing. The distances involved are still wide; the gap between the Germans in the Caucasus and the Japanese in Burma is still a little more than the distance from New York to London. A straight line joining the nearest outposts of these two Axis armies goes through Delhi and Peshawar; the Germans are nearer to the latter than the Japanese.

The conclusions Berlin can draw from this seem simple. They are to keep on keeping on, and to supply Rommel so that he may be in a position to attack in force as soon as possible. Tokyo cannot ignore the distance between the Caspian Sea and the Khyber Pass. This measurement, and some reflection on the depth of our defences covering Suez, may incline the Japanese to stake their claim in India quickly, even if they have to risk opening new fronts from Manchuria and Burma at the same time. How far the diversion made by the Australians and Americans in the Solomon Islands affects their general strategy it is too soon to say, but the political situation in India is obviously an inducement for the Japanese to choose that front. The Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi can at least agree on that.

Exactly how German and Japanese strategy are co-ordinated and synchronised we do not know. At what moment will the Japanese think it wise to attack the Soviet Union? Whatever the answer, we notice a perfection of timing at Pearl Harbour. What of the United Nations? Wherever a Russian, an Englishman and an American sit down together to exchange views, their first conclusion is that they had better stop trying to fight as disunited nations. It is one war. One strategy is possible. That, we presume, is the basis of discussion to-day in Moscow.

Good strategy needs to be continuous in development and adjustment. It therefore requires an organ—a Supreme War Council, or a planning staff, with the power to get decisions agreed quickly. The establishment of some such body linking the Russians, the U.S.A. and China with ourselves is the first need.

The second conclusion for Moscow, London and Washington, has already been reached in principle: our united strategy should be offensive. It has not been reached in practice; "where, when and who" are not settled. This is not only a question of the Second Front. The major strategy of the Soviet Union, up to the present, has been defensive, as ours has. The Red Armies have carried out several considerable counter-offensives; but each of these was part of a general defensive design. The Russians have launched no full-scale counter-offensive. It seems very likely that they can only do so, with hopes of success, when we attack at the same time in Europe. It also seems likely that they may never be able to do so unless we can act soon and effectively. If we are not ready, it is partly because of setbacks in Libya and great losses at sea, and partly because our authorities have instinctively adopted an Imperial strategy which dispersed our forces and relegated the liberation of the oppressed peoples of Europe to a secondary place. The Second Front can never be a purely military operation; it is—whether we like it or not—part of a European revolution against Fascism. That may be one of the real reasons why it is postponed so long; it is certainly one of the reasons why it should succeed. To treat the Second Front only as a modernised version of Lord Gort's expedition might be to condemn it to the second Dunkirk about which we are so often warned. But to-day we should have on our side the strength of the movement of revolt which surges gallantly against Nazi sadism in France, in Holland, in Norway, in Belgium, in Yugoslavia, in Czechoslovakia and in Poland; nor need we forget the bitterness of Italian feeling against the occupying Nazi forces and the deep hatred of the Nazis among now helpless sections of the German population. We can release these forces and supply angry peoples with suitable weapons while they are still not too hungry to use them. We have the air power to deliver these weapons in any area suitable, any night. Rightly led, with a suitably equipped force, we could gear our political warfare with our military attack and raise half Europe against the Nazis. And that will more than outbalance Kuban or the Caucasus.

WHITEHALL AND WARDHA

Exasperation and bewilderment are the common (and justified) reaction to the Indian news. But to talk of "blackmail" and "a stab in the back" is to use phrases which indicate the sporting and schoolboy level on which many still imagine this war can be won. Government spokesmen who accuse Congress of letting down China and Russia should remember it was not Indians who first let them down. Mr. Amery himself, for example, who has made this charge, has been unfortunate, for the press in India during two years has publicised his own statement, when Japan first attacked China, that "Japan has a very powerful case based on fundamental realities," and did right to act "with the object of creating peace and order in Manchuria and defending herself against the continual aggression of vigorous Chinese nationalism. Our whole policy in India, our whole policy in Egypt, stand condemned if we condemn Japan." Accordingly, many of us did not condemn Japan (until recently), just as many seemed anxious for Russia's elimination (until the Anti-Comintern Ghost turned West). Very few Indians believe that our rulers care about anything but British interests.

Between us and Indian opinion is no liaison. We have insulated Congress from its friends. Our chance was that, though we had failed utterly to make India feel this war was hers, in Rajagopalachari and Nehru we had men, greatly able to move public opinion, who understood its international implications. But from the scraps of sifted information doled out by cable and radio they had no means of guessing that we were not under a completely Tory regime—as we very nearly are. They knew that only hand-picked persons could broadcast on Indian problems: that all sea and air passages were rigidly controlled, all mails censored. Nehru, when he left prison, wrote and said he had tried to write before, "but the letter was turned back at the very first hurdle."

We, too, know only what we are allowed to know: chiefly, that the Muslim League represents all India's ninety millions (which Mr. Amery, followed by the press, has raised to ninety-five millions) and that Congress refuses to come to terms with Mr. Jinnah. Since Mr. Jinnah says that he stands for the independence of all Indians, but will not tolerate a National Government, will someone explain *how* the rest of India can come to terms with him, except by mass conversion to Islam? We are told that Congress is merely a faction, but no one explains why men like Sapru and Jayakar will not join any of the Viceroy's Councils, or why even the Muslim League will not join them. India is urged to throw all into the war effort, but her people could not be armed for local defence, and the Viceroy's Defence Council was merely a chance to meet the Viceroy for two days in alternate months.

It is hard to get to the place where the conflict between nations is decided—to *the arguments behind men's brains and eyes*, behind the phrases and formulae (Dominion Status, Constitutional Changes, etc.) which are the counters of our own political discussion. There are legends that in former incarnations the Buddha gave his flesh, once to feed a starving Brahman, on another occasion a tiger. We can see how grotesque they are: a tiger's sole right to exist is as rifle fodder. But the stories happen to have lived with Gandhi, who has always dreamed that, when his *daemon* finally told him his sands were nearly run out, he might squander their residue as the price of India's freedom and to give his people life. This would send his own life out in a blaze of emotion which India would never forget.

If this should happen, it would affect also submerged Europe, to whose people our propaganda must now explain the apparent contradiction between our deeds and our professions; and would affect our Allies, who do not see our relationship with India as we see it. The Cripps Mission got us a good press in the U.S.A. But the only effective propaganda is success, which we consistently fail to produce. Exasperation will presently recall only our prolonged obstinacy; the Cripps Mission will be passed over as a last-minute episode of partial repentance, ineffective like so much else. Filipino loyalty will be contrasted with the fact that in India we have given the Far Eastern war a soft flank. All this will be seen on the background of a military record packed with sorrows.

From our standpoint, Gandhi's distressing action is foolish as well as gravely harmful. Is it from his own? He is seventy-four, and all his life he has worked to see India independent before he dies. After Munich, those of us who were dissatisfied were faced with the triumphant simplification, "Then you want war!" Gandhi has focussed everything on one simple and passionately felt issue, Independence, and Indians who oppose him will be asked, "Then you want foreign rule to continue?" Ah, but there are our friends, the minorities, and especially the Muslim League. We shall see how far they are our friends when gusts of anger sweep the land. It is certain that not since the Mutiny has India been so volcanic, and of the Mutiny a historian has observed, "We forget that the people understand each others' systems, as we do not. They have found a bridge before, and may find one again." Gandhi may not have found that bridge, but very many who deplore his action sympathise with its aim. I suggest to those who look forward to the satisfaction of seeing Congress get a drubbing that the price may be more than we can pay. Our war effort in India, which we promised to make an arsenal, will suffer immense passive sabotage: as a base for Libya, India will at least be difficult, and recruitment for the Army will be shaken. What happens in India may prove decisive.

The *Times*, which has handled this matter helpfully, has gently blamed Nehru (of whose fifty-two years, nineteen, I think it is, have been spent in our prisons) because loyalty to Gandhi made any alternative leadership impossible. This seems to me very much our own trouble. The war grows more and more tragic, yet our leadership is always sure of an overwhelming Vote of Confidence ("more vote than confidence," said one M.P.). Dialectically, we can win our battles every time—among ourselves. We shall win this one. We shall get comfortable words over the wireless from the usual American papers; the usual spokesmen will expound India in the usual manner. But (as a devil once asked William Blake): Does a firm belief that a thing is so make it so? Shall we get anything of the essential changes—a Viceroy who will accept Cabinet Government, a Government in which Indians who matter will take responsibility, the withdrawal of Civil Disobedience and, above all, some *idea* that will put enthusiasm into a war which, for Indians as for us, spreads frustration?

Gandhi's demand, which has never before been made except after a successful fight in the field, the Government could not accept. But neither should they let the business pass into a fight to the finish. This is not a dynastic war, or one for traditional values. It is one in which we are all imperilled and thousands are dying, and it is a war for a new kind of life for all mankind. Nehru is right when he insists that it is a revolutionary movement that will ultimately cover the whole world. Is there no chance that the Left (which now includes a considerable section of former Conservative opinion) will at last insist on some say in its conduct and aims and on making it a people's war? That we shall get the leadership and the idea we must have—if the war is not to be lost? Gandhi is not internationally minded. But neither are his opponents. Patriotism, whether Indian or British, is not only not enough. It is leading to disaster.

EDWARD THOMPSON

PRODUCTION AND THE FIRE SERVICE

The Select Committee on National Expenditure has just published a report on the National Fire Service. In an excellent chapter devoted to the problem of manpower appears the following paragraph, with which all firemen will be in agreement:

> A common complaint received from all parts of the country concerns the apparent idleness of National Fire Service personnel during the hours of duty. It is obvious that it is not possible to give them some form of training all the time they are on duty during lull periods. In some regions schemes are just beginning under which some industrial work is done at depots during duty hours by both whole-time and part-time men. This is a practice which should be encouraged and expanded without further delay to the utmost extent possible without interfering with routine duties and training.

The schemes to which the Committee refers were all started by the men themselves through their own organisation, the Fire Brigades Union. For the past year the Union has been putting forward the argument used above by the Select Committee but it was not until about three months ago that permission was obtained to start production at a fire station. Since then the scheme has spread to about twenty stations in London and some thousands of pounds' worth of work has been added to the war effort. It may be imagined that the officials of the Fire Service and of the Ministry of Home Security would have welcomed the keenness of the men to use their spare time to produce munitions of war, but so far from this being so the organisers have had to fight hard for every step of the way. Fire Force Commanders, with exceptions, have been doubtful and hesitant, watching carefully for Regional approval, while, lesser officials such as local Column Officers have in some cases been eager to add to these obstructive tendencies.

Now, on July 30, the Minister himself has made a statement on the matter in the House of Commons and a study in Hansard of what he had to say helps one to understand the perplexity of his subordinates. After all the names of "Blatherwick" and "Fisher" must still be whispered anxiously in many Fire Force and Regional offices.

Mr. Morrison said that he had been raising the matter with the Supply Departments. He said that he had been raising it all the time so that the House need not have the impression that he acted only under pressure from the Union. He spoke of the goodwill of the Supply Departments and of their joint efforts to find suitable work for fire stations. He spoke too of the difficulty of finding such work. He said that it was a little hard that attacks should be made on the Minister of Home Security in this respect when obviously the problem must be solved by the Production Departments.

The writer of this article, together with other firemen in the London Region, has also approached the Supply Departments with the same problem. He, too, has encountered the same goodwill and the same difficulties in finding suitable work. But, and here is the difference, he and his colleagues have found some work and are actually having the satisfaction of seeing it in operation. It is true that their record of some twenty productive stations may not seem very impressive but it must be remembered that, not only have they been working with little official backing, but they have actually had to meet with opposition from the department which has itself been "raising the matter all the time." In a later answer to a question the Minister went on to say:

> I have had to stop a little bit of partly admirable and partly not admirable enterprise on the part of individual firemen who have been fixing contracts to be conducted at my fire stations. Even the Fire Brigades Union have entered into the capitalist world, fixing contracts to be carried out on my premises for which I have to pay the rates, the lighting and so forth, without any by your leave at all. After all, it still remains the National Fire Service, it does not belong to anyone but the State, and I consider that is rather an excessive degree of enterprise.

Here are several statements that are as questionable as Mr. Morrison's choice of pronouns. One is left with the impression that the Minister does not mind paying the rates of a room in which men play darts or snooker, but has strong objections to their adapting it to the manufacture of munitions boxes, and that he prefers the entire lack of results obtained by his own department after their discussions with the supply departments to the "excessive enterprise" of Union representatives. No wonder Fire Force Commanders are puzzled.

Work on fire stations is proportionately a small matter. The writer willingly agrees with Mr. Morrison that suitable work is difficult to organise, and that it could never be a large factor in winning the war. There are, however, other ways in which firemen may help production. Many of them who must "stand by" could often do so just as well at nearby factories where they could be on call and on production. This is a proposal which has been made by the men but to which no response has been given. Various schemes of release to industry could be put into effect with more speed than has so far been shown, and help could be given in the arrangements so many firemen have already made in doing war work while they are on leave. In the aggregate all these schemes represent a great deal of manpower, the organised spare time work of one hundred thousand men.

Firemen believe that Mr. Morrison has often been badly served by his advisers on Fire Service affairs. The Ministry of Home Security is in a position similar to that of a private firm in which workers have formed "Production Committees." The men in the Fire Service, no less than the workers in engineering shops, are vitally concerned with winning the war. When they see inefficiency or waste they are anxious to improve matters and one of the worst forms of waste is waste of manpower.

We hope that Mr. Morrison may feel more inclined to take some advice from what he has described as the "admirable rank and file of the Fire Service," and to encourage and make use of the "excessive enterprise" of which many of them are capable. We hope that he will reconsider the matter of production in the light of the Select Committee's report and that he will accept too the fact that extra work should justify some reasonable extra remuneration.

There is a story of a Divisional Officer who, when congratulated on the way in which the men at one of his stations had organised a pig club, replied in the manner of one scoring a debating point, "Yes, but they've got one of the dirtiest stoves I've ever seen." One would not wish to defend the dirty stove, although standards of cleanliness vary, but the inference was obvious and typical. A station with a gleaming stove and no pigs was preferable to one with a dirty stove and a flourishing pig sty. The stove was the men's business, the pigs were not.

The men of the National Fire Service believe that production is their business in any way in which they can make it so, and, with one hundred thousand times as much right as Mr. Morrison they can say, "These are *our* fire stations."

LONDON FIREMAN

CAME THE DAWN?

> "There will be no room for selfish policies, or unneighbourly policies . . . there will be one village street from Edinburgh to Chungking."—May 10.
>
> "We shall take our part in working for a great, world-wide civilisation."—Eden, July 22.
>
> "The pledge of the Atlantic Charter will give every nation, large or small, greater opportunities for the realisation of aspiration for freedom . . . and facilities for material advancement."—Mr. Hull, July 22.

Wherefore despair? the night seems deep,
Our wartime planning looks ineffective,
But view the whole in a world-wide sweep,
And the foreground falls in the right perspective.
The high adventure is worth the cost,
In golden distance the clouds are thinning—
Civilisation is far from lost,
Civilisation is just beginning.

The lights of Europe have all gone out,
Her graves are filling till slaughter sickens.
The final issue may hang in doubt,
We shape our course and we count our chickens.
A new life dawns for both great and small;
See the world-to-be as we plan to build it,
With freedom, plenty and peace for all!
(We shall skin the bear when the Reds have killed it.)

Full rights restored to each mangled State,
They will yield, to merge in the wider unity;
Victors with vanquished will federate
For the selfless good of the world community.
The earth's abundance to all we'll bring,
Through the ceaseless sessions of joint committees—
From Edinburgh to far Chungking
We plan a ribbon of Garden Cities!

Away with the cycle of slump and boom!
Away with the cancer of unemployment!
For cut-throat commerce and social gloom
See joyous labour and planned enjoyment!
Industrial chaos will then give place
To universal co-operation,
And all our youth will at once embrace
The blessings of classless education.

Though man is bound to the fiery wheel
Of the stricken earth to destruction spinning,
In the bright tomorrow our plans reveal
Civilisation is just beginning.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

In a north-country workers' club last week a group of engineers were passionately discussing the closing down for one week's holiday of one of the most important aircraft factories in the north of England. The five members of the group were all employed at the factory in question, and it is rare indeed to see men on the eve of a holiday in such a state of grim disgruntlement. One of them had worked out, at least to his own satisfaction, the exact weight of bombs which will sometime be lacking for dropping on Germany, as a result of this week's holiday. An interesting, and rather unpleasantly significant, feature of the discussion was the fact that all of the men were profoundly, one might say morbidly, suspicious of the motives of the management in arranging this holiday stoppage of production. This distrust is no doubt far-fetched, but it is based on the ugly fear that " they " are not so wholeheartedly determined to win the war of the peoples against Fascism as " we " are. None of the men who took part in this discussion, were Communists, and at least three of them were of the type that might be called " unpolitical." Yet in their minds and their conversation, their enforced holiday and the consequent loss of production, was related to the non-appearance of the Second Front and the recent anti-Russian speech of Lady Astor. Somehow, somewhere, they thought, " they " were pulling " our " punches.

* * *

Travelling in Lancashire and Yorkshire during the week-end, I found plenty of people of like mind with the men in the club, but not by any means unanimity of opinion on the holiday question. And in passing I should like to point out how remarkable a demonstration of popular seriousness and instinctive understanding it is that there should be any doubts at all as to whether a holiday is a good thing or not. As a matter of interest, I joined three different ticket queues—two of them for Blackpool—to inquire about people's reasons for going on holiday at this time. Reactions could be divided pretty well equally between those who said " we shall work all the better after it " and those who quite frankly said that " everyone else is going, so we are," but were obviously doubtful about the whole business. My own feeling is that, as so often happens in England, we manage to get the worst of both worlds. I suppose that nobody who has any idea of the gigantic strain people are now working under would argue that a week's holiday sometime in the summer could be otherwise than beneficial to production over, say, a six-month period. On the other hand, because of under-organisation, we seem to be still behaving as though if there are to be holidays at all then they must be on traditional lines, with everyone going away as nearly as possible at the same time—particularly, for example, in the Lancashire " wakes " weeks. I know there are factories which have tried to organise things better. And the " holiday-at-home " campaign has been very successful in a number of places. All the same, I am sure that what the public would like would be more organisation, more compulsion, more " regimentation " if you like, so that people could feel that their much-needed rest period had been properly arranged to ensure the maximum recreation with the minimum disturbance of production.

* * *

The monthly Foreign Office Diplomatic List ceased to appear last February. Official explanation was paper shortage. An August List has now been sent round to the sixteen embassies and twenty-seven legations stilli n London. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are missing from the List, which apparently means that though Britain has not explicitly recognised the Baltic States as incorporated with the U.S.S.R., a compromise policy of " non-recognition " has been decided upon. It is believed that it was agreed upon with Molotov when he was here in May. The former Ministers of the three States, with their counsellors, secretaries and attachés retain, as a personal courtesy, full diplomatic privileges.

* * *

I have just read three accounts of resistance to the Nazis on the Continent. The first is Elisabeth Castonier's *The Eternal Front* (James Clarke, 3s. 6d.), which deals solely with the resistance of the Christian Churches. It is a thoroughly useful and reliable summary, bringing the story down to the end of 1941. The fact that it has the most crudely pietistic jacket I've seen since I was last at Lourdes should not put any one off. The book will serve its purpose in providing those who belong to the international community of Christianity, with a faithful picture of the bitter persecution and the courageous resistance of the Churches in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and France, and, most remarkable, in Germany itself. The second is a useful pamphlet on Religious Persecution, in the series of reprints issued by the Inter-allied Information Committee. Apart from the more obvious European Countries, it includes occupied China. The other account is Mr. Pritt's pamphlet *Revolt in Europe* (published by the *Labour Monthly* at sixpence). This is not a creditable piece of work. The working class struggle against the Nazis is the material for a magnificent story, and the Communists are entitled to a substantial share of the credit. But Mr. Pritt tells the story as if they were the only serious factor in resistance and as if there had been no working class resistance to Hitler in Europe until he attacked the U.S.S.R. and persuaded the Communists to change their minds. The distortion of fact reaches its most extravagant point in the section on Norway, where Mr. Pritt even tries to denigrate two Trade Union leaders who were executed. The reason, I think, is that they were Communists who refused to go with the party at the time of the German-Soviet treaty. They fought Fascism throughout.

* * *

A complete and arbitrary curtain falls between this country and India. We do not know what the principal papers in English or the vernacular have said about the arrest of the Congress leaders. We may be sure that cables from this country to India are also carefully watched. In an answer to a question by Mr. Dobbie, on July 30th, Mr. Amery made it clear that the Government of India already " reserved the right to suppress any incoming message, not only from the purely military aspect, but in the light of their knowledge of conditions in India." In a word, they can do as they like. The particular case about which Mr. Dobbie asked a question was interesting. He referred to a cable sent by the London correspondent of the United Press of India about bad conditions in an Indian Seamen's Home in Liverpool. Though the correspondent was never informed that his message had been held up, the cable was not permitted to reach the papers for which it was intended. No doubt the Government of India thought it undesirable " in the light of their knowledge of conditions in India." But since it happened that the High Commissioner knew about the shocking conditions described in the cable, it would not surprise me if in this case the purpose of the cables, which was to get these conditions improved, were not after all served without the message ever appearing.

* * *

How nice to have a thoroughly good row about something unconnected with the war! How pleasant to receive long memoranda in which leading scientists and others battle not about the most effective form of gun, or about the wisdom of civilian bombing, but just about whether Mr. Julian Huxley was badly treated by the Council of the Zoo, whether he is the best or the worst secretary that ever was, whether the same old bunch should go on running the Zoo, or whether another lot would be more efficient, scientifically useful, and so forth. A thoroughly bad-tempered letter from my old friend H. G. Maurice convinced me that there was something to be said on both sides, but that the Council felt that it had made a fool of itself. Maybe Huxley had been too much in America, but that made no difference to the propriety of trying to sack him when he was out of the country. I thought Huxley to blame for not long ago getting rid of these old fogies. Then the two parties began slanging each other; I thought Lord Horder and Francis Hemming had the best of the argument. But I had still not quite made up my mind, when I received a wonderful letter from no less a personage than (I presume) the original Colonel Blimp himself. Here were the rest of us thinking that the issue was the future of the Zoo. Nothing of the sort, according to Colonel Meinertzhagen, " forty years a member of the Society." It was just a question of REBELLION and DISLOYALTY, of Huxley disgracefully connecting himself with an unofficial committee against the properly constituted authority. He asks us to support DISCIPLINE and ALLEGIANCE. After that I had no doubt at all on which side my vote should be cast.

* * *

A sad example of common sense bowing to hysteria reaches my ears. The Arts Theatre had planned in its excellent programme Indian ballet for next week. Anything Indian just now was thought offensive by the more silly part of the press and as the Arts Theatre depends on press publicity the Indian ballet is cancelled.

* * *

According to the *Times;* A Delhi newspaper has reported that Mr. Gandhi discussed with colleagues in Bombay the possibility of his fasting unto death, but that his colleagues advised against such a course because of the present state of Mr. Gandhi's health.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Miss A. F. A. Mutton.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

" Raids have become almost a commonplace with us," says Mr. Peddie.

" No one thinks of talking about one the morning after—*unless they have had a direct hit.*"—*Daily Mail.*

And what she said to me then—what she felt—is true to-day. Once hunting is stopped, it will be difficult to get it started again. It must not stop. The British Government—many of them, at any rate—know this; but there are those who seize on this chance to decry the sport which has helped to make the men of the British nation what they are to-day. To deprive them of it would be a terrible mistake as well as a great injustice to those who are fighting in order that the England they know and love may be preserved.—Article in *The Field.*

Lady Frances Ryder, unmarried daughter of the Earl of Harrowby, is sending out a private life quiz to families who write offering hospitality to men and women of the New Zealand forces stationed here. The thing her quiz particularly wants to know is, " Have you been divorced? "—*Sunday Express.*

" Gent., quiet, reserved, would like to meet gent."—Advert. in *The Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Queen Victoria. A pair of white linen Drawers, formerly belonging to the Queen. Marked in blue with the Royal Monogram (a crown and the initials V. R.) £5.—*Booksellers catalogue.*

OPINION IN THE MAKING

It is the burden of many complaints that the level of political knowledge and interest among the people of Great Britain is quite appallingly low. Doubtless, in part these complaints rest on a misunderstanding. Political knowledge among the great majority of the people always has been very slight, and their political interest has been aroused rarely, and never for long. Up to a point, what has happened is not a decline in the political interest or knowledge of the majority, so much as a relaxation in the interest of the more knowledgeable minority, through whom the majority can be stimulated to intelligent political action. A generation ago, the majority was expected to be apathetic; and only a tiny proportion of women was given any chance of acquiring political knowledge. But nowadays we begin by assuming that everybody ought to have some knowledge of politics, and some interest; and we are surprised when Mass Observation tells us how far our views are removed from fact.

We have no right to be surprised, though the spread of popular education and the improved quality of the publicly run schools should have made it easier to get political ideas across to ordinary people. Education does not of itself impart either political knowledge or political interest, as our experience of highly educated persons should have taught us. Political apathy and ignorance are not class monopolies. They will continue to exist in all classes as long as the more knowledgeable minority does not do all it can to remove them.

Therefore, if we want to know why political knowledge and enthusiasm have failed to increase with the franchise, we must ask what has undermined political leadership in the instructed minority. The answer is not far to seek. The great schools of political education in the nineteenth century were the Nonconformist chapels and the Trade Unions and other working-class organisations which were struggling to establish a recognised position. These groups, though in different degrees, were excluded from equal social rights, and the urge to establish their position bound their members together in ways that were both highly educative and directly democratic. The groups were mostly small enough for any member who wished to play a direct part in their government, and for doing so to be regarded as part of his duty. From these groups flowed the popular strength that went to the re-awakening of Liberalism after the Reform Act of 1867, and later to the Socialist movement.

But since then religion has lost much of its hold on the people; and, even where it remains alive as a personal faith, has lost its *social* force. The "Nonconformist" is no longer a "nonconformist" in any real sense; he is simply a member of one among a number of Churches which no longer differ greatly in social recognition, apart from survivals of certain privileges of the Establishment. There is no longer anything which makes Nonconformity a coherent social or political force over the whole country; no longer much to bind its members together as citizens, as well as in their religious practices. This is one reason for the abrupt fall of Liberalism. But it is more than that; it is one of the greatest reasons for the decay of the political élite which used to base itself upon the chapels and spread out from them into every field of social action.

Many of the early apostles of Labour looked to the Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies to replace the chapels as political educators of the people. But Trade Unions, and even more Co-operatives, have become bureaucratised. They, like the chapels, have ceased to suffer from the sense of social exclusion. They have become fully recognised institutions. In gaining this, they have lost much of the feeling of cohesion which used to bind their members together, not only in the actual business of collective bargaining or mutual trading, but over the greater part of life. This feeling still survives in many mining areas, because of their isolation, of bad industrial relations, and of the perils which beset the miner's craft. But for the greater part of the working classes it is dying away; and nothing has taken its place. Moreover, the very growth of the Trade Unions and Co-operatives has involved centralised methods of administration. Collective bargaining has become increasingly a national and decreasingly a local matter. The Co-operatives, though they retain their local basis, have become much too big for direct democracy. In neither does the individual member now feel that the success of his society depends on his personal effort.

Nor has the growth of local government done much to fill the gap. In theory, its democratic basis ought to make it a valuable training ground for citizenship, not only in sending up to Parliament men and women already schooled in local administration, but also in enabling the mass of citizens to learn, by governing themselves around the parish pump, democratic arts which they can apply to wider problems. But in practice there is even greater apathy and ignorance about local than about national politics; and, above all, in the newer towns and suburbs there is hardly the beginning of a civic sense. This is partly because only to a very limited extent are local government areas real communities. A man who works in one place, sleeps in another, and seeks his leisure employments in a third is not, in any full sense, a citizen of anywhere. His "citizenship" has almost nothing in common with the citizenship of ancient Athens, or of a mediaeval town, or even with the citizenship of a small town which has preserved its identity. There is, in many areas, nothing to which a sentiment of loyalty can attach itself.

Moreover, local government too has become bureaucratised. As towns grow larger, and swallow up smaller areas which used to have independent governments, it becomes impossible for the ordinary citizens to meet and discuss their common problems, or even to know by sight or repute the persons who are supposed to represent them. Even so, if there were an élite animated by an intense interest in civic affairs, and determined to interest the citizens, much could be done to overcome their apathy—as indeed much is done in places which still retain the character of real communities. But in most areas there is no such élite; and in many what there is shows a tendency to regard local politics as little more than a subordinate element in national party contentions.

The question is whether we have to accept as an unavoidable fact this disappearance of the democratic élite, with all its disastrous consequences, or whether anything can be done to recreate that "conscious minority" through which alone the process of political education can be effectively extended. It is beyond question that such élites depend on a sense of having something really important to do. The Nonconformists of the nineteenth century, as well as their forebears, the Puritans, did believe that they had hold of something really important to all mankind; and so did the pioneer Trade Unionists and Co-operators who regarded their societies as the forerunners of a better way of living. The decay of religious belief destroyed the driving force of Nonconformity. The decline in the faith inspired by Trade Unionism and Co-operation is connected partly with the very success of these movements in taking the visible edge off poverty. Utopia ceased to look as attractive as it had looked by way of contrast with the present, and the social motive of horror at preventible suffering became weaker. Though much misery remains, it is no longer of a sort that can be expected to rouse the covenanting enthusiasm of earlier days. Social insurance and the Assistance Board are seeing to that.

This is much; but it does not bring us one step nearer democracy. Quite the reverse, it knocks away the foundations of the older democratic movements without putting anything new in their place. The basis for a new political élite in Great Britain is bound to be very different. It lies in the sense, rapidly growing now in men and women of different classes and political antecedents, that it is a sheer impossibility to go on living under the institutions to which they have been used, or to adapt these institutions, by mere tinkering, to the requirements of the world of to-day. Where the generation of Blatchford and Keir Hardie saw as the immediate issue the improvement of the condition of the "bottom dogs" by redistributing among them a share of the superfluities of the rich, the reformers of to-day find themselves confronted with the immediate need of rebuilding society from the foundations.

This need is the powerful recruiting agent of Communism; for of all political parties the Communists alone have so far shown themselves alive to it. The traditional parties have not—the Labour Party no more than the others—for all these parties are mainly concerned either to defend what they have, or to get more of what they have been getting by the same means as hitherto. Only Communism—and Fascism—as political parties hack at the foundations of the politico-economic system. Fascism does this by repudiating both democracy and human fellowship, and by exalting war and enslavement as the virtues of a master-race. Communism does it, in Russia, as it should be done, by making a new kind of democracy, and setting to the people and to the leaders who are thrown up among them a challenging constructive task. But, unhappily, British Communism fails at this essential point, because it clings too tightly to Russia's coat-tails. Consequently, instead of creating a powerful élite capable of permeating the people, it fatally wastes the potential leaders who are attracted into its ranks. It recruits, or spell-binds, many of those who should be the inspirers of mass-democratic sentiments, and then spews them forth, disillusioned and cynical, when they find out that it has no quality of its own beneath the veneer which it has borrowed from the Soviet Union.

Moreover, the existence of this unconstructive Communism, decked out in its borrowed panoply, makes it very difficult for any effective élite to gather itself together. Instead, we get a host of little, ineffective movements, trying for the right things, but lacking all power of influencing the majority. The Russians built their revolution on Russian conditions; we must build ours on British conditions. But equally it was a revolution they made and not a mere continuation of previous trends.

To make *our* revolution, we must face *our* problems—problems which are radically new, because Great Britain's position in the world has already undergone a fundamental change. We can no longer, even if we would, hold up our heads as a conquering, imperial race. Even if Empire remains, it will never come back on the basis of imperial exploitation. We shall have to pay for what we consume with the sweat of our brows, whether what we consume be imported by way of exchange, or made at home. Therefore, the emphasis must shift to securing the highest possible production, or our standards of life will undergo a catastrophic fall. We shall no longer be able to afford unemployment, or misdirected production, or waste of man-power in any shape or form. Round the understanding of this unavoidable truth we must build our new élite. The needs of war-production should already be laying the foundations through Production Committees in the factories, and through the coming together of men and women who understand the requisites of modern productive techniques. If the trade union leaders will not take the lead in this, the workers, the production experts, and the scientists must take it over their heads. Not because economics is the whole of life—by a long way—but because the right handling of economic forces is the condition on which depends for any people the opportunity to enjoy a civilised life.

G. D. H. Cole.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* New Subscriptions now only accepted as and when lapsed ones make copies available.
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2*s.* 3*d.* per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box Numbers, 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

THE PESSIMISTIC SPEECH

Lord X was in better spirits. He had at last been asked by the Cabinet to make a pessimistic speech. Hitherto it had always fallen to his lot to make the optimistic speeches which were from time to time supposed to be required. He was a Minister without Cabinet rank, hastily promoted to a peerage to avoid a by-election at an awkward moment. Nothing in his career had ever led anyone to suppose that he would be a member of a Government; still less that he would be a peer, and he knew that in return for his elevation he was expected to make himself useful. His role as official optimist was not an easy or pleasant one. It had made him a standing joke at music-halls and in the press. But optimistic speeches were necessary; and who else was there to make them? Not, for example, the Minister of War. That was obviously asking too much. Lord X's Ministry dealt with imponderables. All he was asked to do was to say from time to time that the imponderables were on our side. It followed almost by definition that in this he could not be confuted.

Time after time he had seen more fortunate Ministers win popular applause by the gloomy speeches which they had been "slated" to deliver. They were hailed in front page headlines as realists, "spotted" by "well-informed" columnists as future national leaders. But at last his turn had come. He must not look a gift-horse in the mouth. Very likely the choice had only fallen upon him because the usual gloom-vendors happened at the moment to be halfway across the Atlantic. All the more reason to rise to his opportunity. "Lay it on thick," he said to his secretary, who always wrote his speeches for him. "I may never get such a chance again."

His secretary was well bred, good-looking, expensively educated, in fact, everything that Lord X was not. He had served under six Ministers, all foisted upon the Department for reasons of political convenience, and this had engendered in him a somewhat sardonic attitude towards the machinery of government. Lord X found him difficult to live up to; Lady X alternately cultivated and detested him. The secretary's natural bent, as displayed in his private conversation, was towards a kind of good-humoured truculence or savagery. In preparing Lord X's speeches this turn of mind had never hitherto had a chance to come into play. One cannot be savagely optimistic. Lord X's speeches, that is to say, his secretary's speeches, had done no more than accomplish the delicate task of weighing imponderables in a conscientious but colourless way. Now something quite different was required. England was being swept by one of its cyclic waves of unaccountable optimism. Everyone was convinced for no reason whatever that the war would be over in a few years, and the effect on output was already being disastrous. How could shipbuilders work with any enthusiasm on a Dreadnought that might never be needed? Something drastic had to be done, and what the secretary wrote was very drastic. He cut out all the customary metaphors about stormy seas to traverse, rugged heights to scale, tunnels with light gleaming faintly far ahead. He catalogued—but the text of the speech is, as they say, "available," and I will not trouble you with it here. It is enough to say that the task exactly suited the secretary's long-husbanded powers. As a sardonic masterpiece of anti-complacency it far outdid the grimmest outpourings of Dr. Goebbels or "Woe! Woe!" Ansaldo, and though it was somewhat stodgily delivered by Lord X, the audience went away petrified with alarm and despondency. At the ensuing by-election eight Free and Independent candidates appeared and the wildest of them (though even he was in favour of "giving unstinted support to the Government") was elected by a huge majority. A vote of censure was tabled by 219 Members of Parliament, but immediately withdrawn.

The speech was made at a provincial town; but the heads of the Government, who "have their ways," got wind of it immediately, and decided that Lord X, at any rate for a junior member of the Government, had really gone a little too far. The effect upon neutrals might be "most undesirable." The Censorship was ordered (long after the morning papers had come out) to prevent the speech being published and, above all, to prevent its going abroad.

However, it so happened that a neutral journalist had taken it down. He handed it on to another neutral journalist who was flying next day to Lisbon, and the second journalist, in the quiet of a simple suite at the Savoy, committed it to memory. In a few hours it was in every newspaper on the Continent. No one could imagine how it got there, and six junior censors were sacked on the off-chance that they had let it through. They proved to be victims of a double injustice. Not only had they loyally obeyed their instructions and "sat upon" the speech, despite every known species of journalistic intimidation, but it may be indeed said that any censor who passed it would have deserved a State pension. For the effect of Lord X's speech in Germany was to create such a wave of complacency that no work was done in any German factory for months afterwards, and the winning of the war was hastened by six or seven years.

A. Utis

UN-ENGLISH

Nothing better in the way of comic drama in real life has been produced for some time than the scene recently reported in the New Statesman and Nation, in which we were told of the trial of a number of Dutch sailors who, after arriving in Belfast, went to a dance hall in York Street, became drunk and obstreperous, and were arrested on a charge of disorderly behaviour. The captain of the Dutch ship appeared to interpret the evidence given by his men, and at the end of the trial the magistrate addressed him gravely and said: "It is very un-English to bite people, and I would like you to impress it on your men." To which the Dutch captain replied, equally gravely: "It is very un-Dutch too, your Worship." That, I think, is one of the great retorts of history. Mr. Bernard Shaw might have invented it in one of his supreme moments of inspiration.

I confess, when I read the story, my first feeling was that the magistrate, remembering the proud province to which he belonged, ought to have said to the Dutch captain: "It is very un-Northern-Irish to bite people," After all, we all like to boast about the virtues of our native soil, and Northern Ireland—the home of Patrick Murphy, of County Down, and his V.C. lifeboat—is no more a part of England than the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. A moment's reflection, however, told me that England was the only unit in these islands in which bad conduct is reprobated in a local adjective beginning with "un." Even so ardent a Welsh patriot as Mr. Lloyd George would never think of telling a foreigner that "It is very un-Welsh to bite people." I asked a Scotchman whether he had ever heard any one using the adjective "un-Scotch"; and he said he could not imagine it except in reference to Irish whiskey.

For a time I wondered whether the English were the only people who had ever used the prefix "un" before their national designation to register their disapproval of something or other. I remembered vaguely from my schooldays that the Greeks used to call foreigners "barbarians," but I could not remember any instance of them having condemned any practice as "un-Athenian," "un-Spartan," or "un-Macedonian." Nor through the centuries could I find a trace of any incident in which the misbehaviour of some drunken sailor had been described with racial pride as "un-Visigothic" or "un-Ostrogothic." America has left us no record of an enemy of the Palefaces who described some unpleasant white man's practice as "un-Red-Indian." Were the English, then, the only race that ever condemned habits they disliked by epithets formed on the model of "un-English," and, if so, when did they begin to use this boastful adjective? Did English men in Shakespeare's day, for example, say to themselves with pride that "it is very un-English to bite people," taking for granted that all foreigners bit people? Or did the adjective "un-English" come in about the same time as the phase: "It isn't cricket"? I could scarcely believe that it was older than the Victorian era and the now-withered white flower of a blameless life.

Turning to the *New English Dictionary* I discovered to my surprise that the first recorded use of the word "un-English" is as old as 1633 when Prynne—wasn't it he who lost his ears?—wrote: "So unmanly, degenerous, and un-English (if I may so speak) in their whole conversation." There has been, I fear, a great deal of conversation that Prynne would have described as un-English in the three intervening centuries. The next reference to the word comes from Horace Walpole who wrote in 1743: "This is so un-English, or so unheroic, that I despair of you!" That has the smack of the modern usage. Then we find the word used in a more restricted sense by a writer who in 1848 commented on the secret ballot in the despondent sentence: "The un-English practice of secret voting will be resorted to." No doubt to a good Tory every innovation has at first seemed un-English—income tax, health insurance and all the rest of it. The *New English Dictionary*, unfortunately, gives us no examples of the use of the word "un-English" after 1872, when some one wrote of "a false patriotism that thought it un-English to wear foreign fabrics."

Lest you should think, however, that the English are the only people who believe that everything right is a home product and that everything wrong is something done or produced by foreigners, it would be well for you to take note of the fact that the dictionary also contains the adjective "un-American." Even under the early date, 1818, we have the entry: "Ninety marble capitals have been imported at vast cost from Italy . . . and show how un-American is the whole plan." One would like to know the context of this, as of the next entry (from the *Daily News*, in 1894): "However it came about, it is un-American and should be repudiated by the people." One scarcely needs the context for the third entry, dated 1902: "She refused on the ground that it was both unbecoming and un-American." There we see the perfect use of the "un" adjective which should suggest that anything not associated with the best people in one's own country is wrong.

I have been told by an expert in language that all nations have this method of deprecating the unseemly customs of foreigners, but I can find little evidence of this in the dictionary. The word un-Irish appears, it is true, but only in such sentences as: "The youth endeavoured to become un-Irish in everything," "An awkward effort at enjoyment and amusement, un-Irish and lamentable in the extreme," and (adverbially): "They wisely and un-Irishly chose the money."

This last sentence seems to me almost as modest as it is boastful.

On the whole, however, it must be admitted that, when nations describe something as uncharacteristic of themselves, they do so with a boastful implication. When an Englishman tells you that it is un-English to boast, is he not boasting that he alone among civilised men is guiltless of the sin of boasting? When he tells you that it is un-English to hit a man when he is down, is he not announcing his superiority to foreigners among whom hitting a man when he is down is the common practice? Similarly, if he says that it is un-English to strike a woman he suggests that only in this other Eden, demi-Paradise, is wife-beating looked on as a vice. I wish some one would compile a complete list of the things that are un-English. They would include, I fancy, besides those I have mentioned, lying, bearing malice, hitting below the belt, kicking, and all forms of unsportsmanlike behaviour.

To me it seems that this indirect boastfulness has its uses. Not only does it assert the superiority of the chosen people—and every people is a chosen people in its own eyes—but it proclaims a code of behaviour below which none of its citizens must fall. Men cannot live without some code or other, and even the code implied in the phrase, "It isn't cricket," is better than no code at all. Hence I think that the more crimes, vices and unpleasant forms of conduct that are catalogued as un-English, the better it will be for England. If every Englishman could be persuaded, for example, that it was un-English to steal or to profiteer, or to enter the Black Market, what a sunburst of honesty would suddenly illuminate the country! But no one ever says even that "it is un-English to wangle." A common phrase about the wangler is, indeed: "You can't blame him, can you?" Yet it is vastly more important to discourage Englishmen from wangling than to discourage them from biting people. After all, how many Englishmen since their nursery days have fixed their teeth in the flesh of a fellow human being? I have never met a grown-up Englishman who bit people. Or, for that matter, a grown-up Frenchman, or a grown-up Italian, or a grown-up Japanese.

In most countries, I feel pretty sure, biting people is the hobby only of the few. The fact that one lives in a country in which people do not bite people seems to me scarcely worth boasting about. To us the vainglorious adjective "un-English" as a description of such abstinence is surely a waste of a good word.

Still, however it may be used, the adjective "un-English" does express an ideal. It is no small achievement to have made "un-English" a synonym for (according to the dictionary definition) "not straightforward; unfair; unsportsmanlike." Foreigners may not be impressed, but the word may help to keep Englishmen up to the mark. Human beings perhaps need to praise themselves in order to make themselves worthy of their praise. Let a people begin to boast of its virtues, and it may end by practising them. That may account for the disappearance of the inhuman custom of biting people, not only in Great Britain and Northern Ireland but, as we now know, in Holland, too.

Y. Y.

VOYAGE INTO THE PAST

I HAVE just made a steamer voyage lasting ten hours. This, in war-time, was a surprising treat for one who always preferred ships to noisy trains and noisier aeroplanes, one who now continuously misses the pleasure of being on shipboard. No passport or permit was necessary, for S.S. *Goring* — no *umlaut* — took me only from Henley to Oxford. The Salter steamers run daily from Kingston to Oxford; the passage takes two days, putting in to Henley for the night. Below Marlow the banks are often littered with houses, but above one is in wonderfully unspoiled country. Floods make the water-meadows unsuitable for building, except at a few points like Henley, Reading, and Pangbourne. Such houses as one does see are mostly late Victorian or Edwardian, designed in a "river" style, half-timbering, white balustrades, gables and at corners gazebos covered with cupolas. Their gardens look like sets from a musical comedy of forty years ago, invariably gushing with Dorothy Perkins roses on rustic trellises. If such disfigurements are few, fine old houses are even fewer—only the Elizabethan picturesqueness of Maple-Durham, the white simplicity of Basildon and the imposing masonry of Nuneham. Odd that the Age of water-music did not adorn the Thames with more Palladian splendour. The river meanders through lush pastures, Tennysonian or Pre-Raphaelite, punctuated by frequent locks, the keepers of which, usually retired sailors, maintain stolidly in their gardens the Victorian tradition of bedding. Begonias and lobelias abound. Otherwise one sees little life except ruminating cows, hopeful fishermen, urchins bathing and an occasional punt. Thus as the steamer pushes slowly up the torpid and narrowing Thames, one falls into a drowsy illusion of being back in the age of great Victoria. Even the guide-book one has brought helps this escape, for it dates from 1878, and the advertisements, no less than the illustrations, show the cosy complacency of nineteenth century England. "Paris Exhibition"—one begins—"The love of Soap and Water being chiefly confined to Englishmen . . ." and the intending visitor is advised to take his Pears' Soap with him. In those days the river was much frequented by light ladies, and so there is even an advertisement for cosmetics "Mouches pour le bal, Kohl for the Eyelids, Bascination to the Eyes, Arsenical Lotion from Styria." Thus immersed in the tranquillity of the past, one comes at last to Oxford, having snatched a whole day of gentle reverie. To anyone tempted to follow this example, a final word of advice. Tea is the only refreshment provided—there is an hour's stop at Wallingford, if you do not take your own food—and a cushion is recommendable, to relieve the hardness of the seats.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"Twin Beds," at the Odeon.

"The Lady is Willing," at the Regal.

Is it funny? The husband (George Brent) wrongly suspects his wife (Joan Bennett) but when he comes home unexpectedly it is to find tumult, with the other bed slept in, one neighbour (in jersey and pants) immured in a cupboard, another (in combinations) on the fire escape, and doors opening, clothes disappearing, signals being flickered everywhere. The old apparatus of farce gains something on the screen; one can see *inside* the settee where a lover is being harried by beetles, one can slip away from the eternal bedroom into a park or a distant pullman. But without Mischa Auer, *Twin Beds* would be no more than tritely funny. That admirable clown—out of a past of head-waiting and battered coronets—emerges here as a famous singer. Amorous astonished eyes, melting voice, grasshopper legs—they come into play again and again. He sings "Oh, Pagliacci" (the tom cat's cry). He gets tight, can't switch off the lamp and goes to sleep under the shade of an umbrella. He sheds garment after garment and—a test for any comedian—is funniest in underclothes. Every moment in *Twin Beds* when Mr. Auer is on the screen tickles, soothes the eye. And the ear. He has the knack (lost apparently since the early days of Menjou) of making mid-European accents attractive. Perhaps he sings *Pagliacci* once or twice too often, but ruthlessness is one of the weapons of farce. We *scream* with laughter. In that scream from the diaphragm the nerves protest—fruitlessly, of course—against jokes and situations ten times repeated. The protest is part of the glee. *Twin Beds*, apart from a slow beginning, is generously cathartic.

Considerably less gay is *The Lady is Willing*. Here Miss Dietrich goes in for a baby, but whether its upbringing, in a nursery that looks like a toy department, is meant to be funny or not, I really don't know. The husband (Fred MacMurray) experiments next door on rabbits. There are some touching moments before they get finally together—husband, wife, baby and bunnies. But I am not a fan of La Dietrich, especially in her domestic moods, and for me the most attractive figure of this rather jaded film was Aline MacMahon in a small part.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Before You Move!

The demand for this paper greatly exceeds the supply. If you are moving make sure of your copy in the new district before cancelling your order in the old. The Publisher will help in case of difficulty. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PARSONIC

THE parsons of the B.B.C.
Can't say God like you and me.
Some say Gurd,
A silly word;
Others Gad,
Which is pretty bad,
And so is Ged.
But I see Red
When they say Gard;
I really think that should be barred;
For thus they scatter all about
Anger, disbelief and doubt.
Isn't it odd
That they can't say God?

GWEN RAVERAT

Correspondence

"ALLIES INSIDE GERMANY"

SIR,—All who have not yet visited the Exhibition organised by the Free German League of Culture (at 149 Regent Street) should hasten to do so before it is moved to the Provinces on August 16.

This Exhibition is all the more important because it has evoked a certain amount of challenge. It is sometimes, of course, an honour to be attacked, and always a useful advertisement. The opponents I have in mind (if they have been there at all?) had made up their minds in advance. Mr. Czarnomski, who apparently is not cognisant of the English law of libel, has instructed your readers that the Exhibition is "a fraud, without a single exhibit to prove the existence of any effective underground activity" in Germany to-day!

It is true that activities special to the present moment cannot, for obvious reasons, be advertised. But the most important truth for us is that if Germany's internal opposition is not yet effective, this is partly due to some very active individuals—whether British, Polish, Czech, etc.—who succeed in persuading Hitler's underground opponents that England is under the influence of people who pay Hitler the compliment of adopting a racial creed and a spirit as ruthless as his own. Such spokesmen seem to have no difficulty in believing that Hitler's ideals and methods can be destroyed by adopting them ourselves.

The strength of the opposition to Hitler, both actual and potential, is illustrated for us in the Exhibition by a thousand facts many of which we may have heard before, but here they are collected, classified, focussed and vividly illustrated for us.

Examples, too, are provided of the many things of which we may have heard but never till now were in a position to visualise, e.g., the illegal newspapers, the camouflaged pamphlets (on "diet," medical matters, etc.), the packet of "tea" that contains anti-Nazi stimulants, the order of arrest of a Confessional pastor, the list of imprisoned pastors circulated weekly to those who braved their own arrest by reading out these lists for the prayers of their congregations every Sunday. The marvel is that with the ever-mounting toll of political martyrs (and some religious martyrs too) there can exist in Germany and in occupied countries such large numbers of people ready to face the peculiar horrors of the internal battlefield.

Unlike Mr. Czarnomski, the Nazi leaders in Germany apparently are convinced of the strength of the internal opposition; the Exhibition reminds us of the strengthening not long ago of the Gestapo and of the Black Guards. Germany's internal battle is for political and religious freedom. The question for British people is: *Are we all of us in these issues allies of their German protagonists?* We can only hope that if our convictions are ever put to an equally severe test, they may prove as firmly based, and our will to struggle and suffer for them equally inflexible.

DOROTHY F. BUXTON

PARTIES—AGEING AND GROWING

SIR,—There are two factors upon which the future of any new movement such as Common Wealth will depend. The first is the strength and quality of its middle class support, and by quality I mean the degree to which its understanding of the problems involved is sound and based on intelligent thought. The second and more important factor, is the measure of confidence and support it elicits from working class people with Labour associations. The gulf existing at present between the two classes is formidable. Men who for twenty years have believed in Socialism and who have been trained to look for (and find) the catch in every inter-class situation will not easily trust a class with a twenty years' record of complacent self-interest to its credit. The fact remains, however, that there is an ever-growing number of middle-class people prepared to go the whole way to Socialism, and prepared, if necessary, to become martyrs for that cause. It will indeed be tragic if the working class remain blind to this situation. No middle-class movement by itself can be effective without the support of the workers, who represent and have always been the basic force for human freedom.

The situation is such, that I believe that only a concerted and determined campaign by middle-class Left-wingers to break down the barriers of suspicion existing between us will avert disaster. We must remember that this suspicion is a perfectly logical and deserved reward for our pre-war behaviour, and at this stage, mere words will not convince the working man. Personal contact with workers' movements is essential. I suggest that anyone to whom this applies, who is eligible to join a trade union and has not already done so, should join at once. Similarly that those who are not members of the Labour Party should join it if they can do so, while making their position perfectly clear. Of course, under no circumstances should anyone attempt to work secretly within the workers' movement. In expressing the view that Labour leadership over the last ten years has been indecisive and inadequate to inspire the enthusiasm of the people as a whole, or even the workers as a whole, we are saying no more than what is said by every sincere member of the Labour Party itself. If we can effectively demonstrate how great is the potential demand for Socialism among all sections of the community, the leadership of the Labour Party may be profoundly affected, and the work of all those members of the Labour Party who seek a more vigorous fighting lead for their party will be simplified. Only when such a leadership emerges in the Labour Party will effective co-operation between that party and Common Wealth or any other movement be secured. J. O. CREWDSON

ZIONISM

SIR,—That a statement, however brief, of the basic philosophy of Zionism is very much called for is shown by Raymond Mortimer's review of Prof. Namier's book. In essence he repeats, though in a more sweeping form, the contention that began the original correspondence. Mr. Slater, in your issue of June 22nd, asked the Jews to give up certain of their ritual practices; Mr. Mortimer goes the whole hog and asks them to give up their Judaism completely.

Now altogether apart from the fact that I agree with Prof. Namier that attempts at assimilation have been a failure (and nowhere more than in Germany where it has been tried longest !) no group of thinking Jews can even consider it as a policy. Even if it did give "peace and security" it could only do so at the cost of national spiritual death. What would Mr. Mortimer think of the smaller nations of Europe now under the Nazi heel if they purchased "peace and security" at the same price!

Where we Jews are misjudged, even by well-meaning friends, is in this fundamental fact being completely overlooked. We look upon ourselves as a national entity privileged with the task of preserving and cherishing a great national-religious heritage: a heritage which is more important than the safety and security of individual Jews. For this purpose we need our *collective* identity which we have preserved throughout a long and painful history. Mr. Mortimer recognises the vicious circle set up by injustice and persecution, but has he ever asked himself why so many Jews in the past chose a painful martyr's death rather than the "peace and security" others before him have offered? Persecution may have kept us *apart*, but it could not and did not keep us *alive*; only our great and vital national-religious cultural traditions, enshrined in our Torah and Talmud and the other great writings of our literature, could ever do that.

This tradition of ours is no mere creed to be recited in the Synagogue. The uniqueness of Judaism lies in its fusion of the religious and the material aspects of life. It is a way of life that must be lived, with adequate control over its own material and social resources. Hence the need for a National Home where the full powers dormant in the Jewish nation can realise themselves. Our achievements in Palestine to date even in the face of great difficulties are of no mean order and tell all who would know of the creative powers latent in Jewry and point to possibilities still to be realised in Judaism. Quite contrary to Mr. Mortimer I believe that as the Jewish Community in Palestine develops and becomes a living force again it will by its very existence reduce many of the *artificial* barriers between Jew and Gentile. That is not to say there will be no differences between them. Differences will remain just as there are differences between any other national or cultural groups; but as with others, these differences would be admitted and given the respect on both sides to which they are entitled. All we ask is to be accepted *as Jews* and not told that everything would be all right if only we would become something different.

As for the divided loyalty Mr. Mortimer is so apprehensive about, I have no fears on that score. He will find throughout history as well as to-day that the better the Jew the better the citizen of his country of adoption. He will certainly not find the law-breakers amongst the ranks of the Zionists. The old Talmudic dictum "The law of the land is your law" still holds good and the limiting proviso that one must not violate any basic principle of the Torah is safe enough in any civilised country when one considers the Torah's ethical outlook. Wherever he is, the Jew can take advantage of the national cultural revival, but if the dualism of his existence "abroad" becomes unbearable there should always be open for him the physical return to Palestine to play a more active part in his nation's rebirth. H. EDELSTON

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "Many thoughtful Jews, as well as Gentiles, will be surprised at the airiness with which Dr. Edelston dismisses the matter of divided loyalties. This has for long been a cause of anti-Semitism, and the vehemence of Dr. Edelston's nationalism is calculated to fan the flames. How can a citizen have two *nationalities*? A Canadian is loyal both to Canada and to the British Empire, a Georgian to Georgia and to the U.S.S.R., because the smaller unit is included in the larger. Similarly if a Zionist nation were included in the British Empire, English Jews could combine the two loyalties, but French Jews could not."—ED. "*N.S. & N.*"]

CONRAD NOEL

SIR,—The remarks of Critic and of Mr. Sidney Dark in your issue of July 31 concerning the late Conrad Noel are interesting. They recall a vivid and lovable personality whom one could not meet without contracting something of his lively inspiration.

The main point which marked out Conrad Noel always seemed to me to rest in his Catholic Bohemianism. He was the exact antithesis of the popular conception of a Puritan or, as he would probably have said, a Manichaean. His church services, his socialist propaganda, his general outlook, formed a unified conception of life which he associated with the celebration of Mass at the altar of Thaxted Church.

But there are several points which, in the light of Critic's remarks, are worthy of recall. It is improbable that Noel was exactly orthodox in spite of his belief in the miracles of Jesus; there was in him more than a streak of the pantheist. Nor was he a scientific socialist; his imagination was captured by the romance of the Middle Ages rather than by the rigid dogmatism of Karl Marx. In some ways this intellectual Bohemianism intensified his influence even though it tended to restrict it to personal effect. Noel made his position clear in the *Life of Jesus*; it is a stimulating book even though its conclusions are far removed from the more radical type of recent New Testament studies. Like many of these "lives," it is subjective and imagines that a portrait can be drawn where only a shadowy outline remains. He never faced the question of the exact authority which Jesus can be said to possess for the modern man.

Critic raises the question of Noel's ultimate effect upon the Church of England. It is difficult to feel that it can be lasting. He received no preferment or encouragement from official sources; in early years he was an object of suspicion and dislike to the more commonplace churchman. Noel was a revolutionary where the Malvern Conference and its successors speak in terms of wide generality. The vast organisation, clinging to its State establishment, maintaining numberless churches for the preaching of a dead conventionalism, was alien to every fibre of Noel's being. It was sometimes difficult to understand why he remained inside a body with which he had so little in common. His Catholic Bohemianism was remote from the sickly piety of the usual High Anglican church; his theology was broad enough to include a warm regard for Edward Carpenter and H. S. Salt. These things are not characteristics of Anglicanism; they probably had few clerical sympathisers. Thaxted, I fear, must die out; it was a witness to Noel's courage and sincerity, but it was too venturesome and too broadening for the common run of churchmen to comprehend.

Noel's wider influence will remain; an inspiring, Bohemian, romantic influence, which first attracted some of us as undergraduates and set our feet in broader paths. (Rev.) F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

OLD BOOKS FOR SALVAGE

SIR,—I recently offered my services as book expert and adviser in connection with a paper salvage drive at a small country town in order to avoid—at one place at any rate—the waste of useful books now so general. This offer (which was accompanied by an undertaking to substitute books to five times the weight of any withdrawn) was gratefully accepted.

After spending some little time in overhauling a mass of paper at the salvage dump, about forty volumes were rescued, which I recognised as eminently worth preserving and the result would have been an addition of about 1½ cwt. to the local paper salvage and the preserving of interesting volumes.

I was then met by the statement that it would be necessary to consult the owners of the books before any could be withdrawn from salvage, and later was told that not a single owner agreed to any book being taken out of salvage. Moreover, the sanitary inspector (!) in charge informed me that the books were not of sufficient value or use to withdraw and could not be used as an aid to private enterprise.

It may be added that the books would (most of them) have been exported, bringing funds from U.S.A., and their worth was thirty to fifty times wastepaper value. I have about forty-five years' knowledge of books and their value. Comment is superfluous.

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLER

WHIPPING IN BOMBAY

SIR,—It seems hardly credible that the Labour Party and T.U.C. in their statement on India should have offered no word of protest against the proposed infliction of degradation and torture in the form of public whipping on rioters in Bengal.

13 Henrietta Street, VICTOR GOLLANCZ
W.C.

SECOND FRONT

SIR,—In your issue of August 1st you published a request to me by Mr. Geo. A. Horne to persuade the war strategy group, of which I am a member, to consider whether (in view of its condemnation of an attempt to open a second front in Europe at present, to which I had referred in a letter the week before) it would have advised the German invasions of Norway and Crete and the Japanese of Singapore and Burma.

May I say briefly that our war strategy group does not study past issues, but in the four instances mentioned, conditions essential to success existed, namely (*a*) ability to establish a force in the invaded country; (*b*) ability to maintain it and to develop decisive tactical superiority over the opposition encountered. When Mr. Horne can produce a plan that shows how these difficulties are to be overcome in Europe, I feel sure the authorities will be delighted to receive it. CLIVE GARSIA

Army and Navy Club,
S.W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Every country has its own way of dealing with its great men. In some countries they are deified, called Master or Genius, and thus removed from the sphere of things which it is necessary to take seriously. In other, less elastic societies, they are recognised as a menace and thrust into prison or exile. In England we adopt our usual tactics when we are faced with something that really challenges our complacency: emasculation. We name the species "highbrow," or "pessimist," or "fanatic," and in the name we find an excuse for ignoring it. Men of genius like Ruskin and Carlyle could thunder their prophecies, but their contemporaries, who were quite willing to give the old boys their due, called them "pessimists," and regarded their "message" as a subjective symptom of a morbid state of mind, not to be taken too seriously. The truth about society which Hardy saw was never even considered as truth, it was simply a symptom of something gloomy about Hardy: Hardy, who was trying to state life as he saw it, was too squeamish to endure the deafness of his own generation.

By the time our great men are old they are generally accepted as tamed, like lions who have been "doctored," and they are even allowed to emit growls and show their claws. The fact that they go on saying what they have always said, which no one has listened to, is rather boring, of course, but it also goes to show that what they were saying is not worth listening to: "Why does H. G. Wells go on saying the same thing?" the public murmurs complacently. This question is not really a question at all, it is a form of saying: "I needn't listen to you now, because I've heard all that before."

Even the intelligentsia is so gullible to what one might call the British habit of *argument by labels,* that it is quite enough to call a writer "Left Wing" or "Right Wing," or "High Brow" or "Low Brow" to damn him. No label from whatever quarter is considered unfair so long as it is applied with an air of knowing superiority. For instance, in the July number of *Horizon* a Catholic critic, Martin Turnell, dismisses Virginia Woolf's novels because "they rely on the shabby conceptions derived from Liberal agnosticism of the nineteenth-century thinkers." Many *Horizon* readers who are themselves Liberal agnostics probably accept this, not because they have suddenly seen the light of Rome, but because this remark is a label applied with a superior synthetic gum.

H. G. Wells, a very vigorous lion in his day, travels round in a box with several labels prominently displayed on it to suit the convenience of different members of his audience. To Catholics he is a Materialist, to Dialectical Materialists he is an Utopian, to the Aesthetically Minded he is bourgeois and a philistine, and so on. The general result is that he is dismissed with a disapproving shake of the head which, at the same time, is half a nod, assenting that he is a Great Man. From behind his bars he occasionally growls that we must organise society internationally. A section of his audience smiles knowingly: what they know is that Garden Suburb Regionalism is more refined than a world of international Air Forces and organisation. If Mr. Wells—rather irritably this time—growls that unless we can organise the whole world in the interests of the rights of Everyman, we are doomed to extinction, his audience joins in a murmur of "We have heard all that before," and they go on with their wars, preparing for their peace which will be as far as possible a repetition of the last one.

I suggest that the readers of *Phœnix** should tear away the labels attached to Mr. Wells's cage and consider this book not as a collection of the author's symptoms, but as a serious challenge. For much of what he says is true, even if some of it is overstated, and some of it said angrily.

He is always a vigorous and acute observer, and when he is hitting out at the army of generals, politicians, Big Business, and Churchmen who control our destinies, he has a way of stripping the pretensions of office off these people and presenting them as naked human beings with all their motives and pettiness exposed. It is this gift of reducing every social problem to terms of the foibles of ordinary people that gives Wells's picture of society a rollicking solidity and vitality whenever he paints a human attitude, as when he caricatures here the Pope, Mr. Middleton Murry, or a Dean of Winchester. He is not always fair, but to treat your opponents as human beings like yourself remains the most radical of approaches to life, the reverse of that snobbery which eats away the principles of most revolutionary leaders. The true Radical is the rarest of phenomena; people tend either secretly to worship their opponents or else, like the Communists, to turn them all into superhuman bogies.

Humanism is the key to Wells's politics. He can no more tolerate the gods of economic forces, or class, or State, than he can the Catholic God. To him human affairs are essentially family affairs to be settled by a family conference, in which the reasonable majority takes the upper hand resolutely, using clubs if necessary, and exposing the reactionary parent figures, and the unhealthiest children on the mountain tops, if needs be. Killing may be necessary in order that the human family become reasonable, but even so let us remember, he says, that the wicked are more muddled than innately evil. Reason alone can now save the human family, so advanced is it in bad counsels, self-interest and muddleheadedness.

Still Wells is not only a rationalist. He has in him the touch of a poet, working, it is true, through a very prosaic mind and medium, but with a definite poetic vision of an Earthly Paradise. Here, of course, the superior people pounce, tearing Mr. Wells's picture of a society of international government, social hygiene, technical education, free love and free thinking, to pieces. Wells, with his shrewd eye and his deep passion for life, knows that they do so for theoretic reasons, knowing nothing of life, and having fortified themselves with much crabbed erudition and pontifical flummery of the kind that Mr. Martin Turnell parades. And he is right, for whatever may be the limitations of his foresight, his vision of the future is at any rate an affirmation of the creative energy that streams through the modern world of technical invention and organisation. It is a naif enough picture, as of boy and girl students at the London School of Economics strolling hand in hand through the International Exhibition; yet it has the touch of real life, the poetry of Douanier Rousseau, which is present in all Wells's novels. And this innocent picture of the future is swept by a healthy wind which is the release for good, instead of for evil, of the energy of scientists and technicians.

That Wells does not understand Dante and Homer, and says so, may be a pity, but there is honesty in his saying so. Moreover, his outspokenness about such things is part of his protest against modern education, which gives people a false reverence for things they do not understand, so that they are not able to appreciate values which they might be capable of cultivating. Wells combines an arrogance about art-education and religious-education with a humility about artists and religious experience. His protests are directed against religious propoganda and religious education, not against religion itself; many Spanish Catholic Republicans would agree with him. A chapter of his present book is devoted to the freedom of the artist, and it contains no attempt to impose a social task on him; Mr. Wells understands that the artist is the perpetual revolutionary within revolutions.

The most disturbing approach to this book is to ask "Where does Mr. Wells find an ultimate sanction for his ideas?" In the study of mankind, and human needs, is the reply, I suppose. But this will scarcely satisfy mankind. A programme such as the Sankey Declaration, which one may whole-heartedly agree with, yet lacks something which provokes the enthusiasm for which people will die. It is a sensible, commodious plan for a new salubrious social order. "If the world were thus, here I might breathe," one can say, but one hardly dies to make it thus. One feels inclined to leave it to the 1941 Committee. It contains words like Rights, Liberty, and Freedom, yet these words seem to refer to a past, out of which a minimum programme of Rights that are unassailably necessary has been derived. The living conception which this roomy structure of Rights and Freedoms contains is not, at present, there. My point is that words like Freedom are only dynamic when they open out a future, not when they refer to a past; the new world of the Renaissance, the tremendous ideals of the French Revolution. They cannot be used as a measurement: as though "Freedom in Love" were taken to mean living in a room measuring 15 feet by 12. The Sankey Report looks clean and pure on paper, but it has not yet been breathed upon with the divine fire of the people. Possibly it is a brave attempt to show the way to a Declaration which will arrive from less expected quarters. One of the finest things about Wells is his sense of urgency. In his pages he again and again gathers up the world, and shows it us as cause for mankind to take immediate action. He knows, too, what people must discuss. The Sankey Declaration covers the main questions, and perhaps it will have its effect in pointing to the right problems rather than to remedies.

If *Phœnix* has a message, it is not so much the terms of the Sankey Declaration as the recognition that we are living in the midst of a world movement which cuts right across party alignments, but which depends for the result on human intelligence and human attitudes. To win the war and the peace we move towards Socialism. "The Revolution happens now if we shall choose that it shall happen. If you do not realise it now, it may never happen. It is a purely arithmetical question of how many people realise it." And he goes on to say: "It has to form study circles and nuclei wherever it can for the realisation of its essential idea that the Revolution is here." However, perhaps these should be the nuclei of a new party. Good will alone cannot solve the problem of power.

This is the core of Wells's book, and in it he has, I think touched on an idea which is now and which might accomplish a revolution for which people were willing to die. It is that the classless society might come into being *now,* through a unification of the progressive members of all classes throughout the world, who recognise the necessity of the situation within which they live. This provides a way out of the long impasse caused by attaching the fortunes of the classless society to the triumph of one class—the workers. For by making some workers conscious of themselves as a class, one makes as many, if not more, conscious of their political impotence. What the workers should now realise for themselves, and be helped to realise, is *that they are already members of the ruling class,* if only they will take advantage of their situation. In other words, we are on the verge of realising the classless society if the workers behave as a ruling class and join with the progressive elements on the other side of the artificial class barrier.

That is the point of making ordinary people discuss such problems as are contained in the headings of the Sankey Declaration. If the ordinary people could shake off their apathy, and their attitude of being spectators at a circus provided by their mostly incompetent rulers, they might take their own fate and the fate of the world in their hands; and they would find many allies both here and abroad.

Stephen Spender

---

* *Phœnix,* by H. G. Wells. (Secker and Warburg, 8s.)

ECONOMIC POLICY

Vested Interests or Common Pool. By N. E. H. DAVENPORT. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

If I had the power I would make Mr. Davenport's book compulsory reading not only for every member of the House of Commons (above all for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee), but also for every person who discusses the social and economic issues of the war. Sir Walter Citrine ought to read it, and to see that every member of the General Council does likewise. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton and Sir Andrew Duncan ought to examine their policies as they are reflected in this brilliant mirror. Sir Stafford Cripps, who has been painting pictures for us of the post-war Utopia that awaits us, if only nobody raises inconvenient questions now, ought to examine in these pages Mr. Davenport's superb dissection of the foundations which are being prepared for the superstructure. Above all, I could wish that it could be read by that elusive animal the general reader. There then might follow one of those bursts of public indignation which drives even coalition governments to mend their ways.

Effectively, Mr. Davenport's book has three parts. In the first, he examines, with relentless and biting vigour, the war economics of this Government. He shows, in effect, that what has happened is that the vested interests of monopoly capitalism have, for all practical purposes, taken over the government of this country. Behind the façade of political democracy they are preparing the economic foundations of the corporate State ; and, to no small extent, they are being aided and abetted in this task by the powerful trade unions. This part of Mr. Davenport's book, the first two-thirds, written with precision, with clarity, and the expert knowledge of one who has seen the system from the inside, is worthy—and I am measuring my words—of the great Cobbett at his best. Among living economists only Lord Keynes could rival its superb pungency.

The second part of Mr. Davenport's book—too short, I think, for the weight it is called to bear—is an exposition of his war plan. He proposes, in effect, that for the war period " the State must take a lease of all the real capital resources of the community—that is, of the whole of our natural wealth and the instruments of production." Some industries and trades the Government will itself directly manage through Commissioners. Others it will leave to be managed privately under its own general supervision. The details of the scheme are too elaborate for discussion here. I can only say that they seem to me both reasonable and practicable, that they do equitably by the wage-earner, and that they offer what seems to me a sensible way of bridging the present unbearable gap between the rewards of the serving man and those of his fellow in industry. They would really prevent profiteering. They would make it unnecessary to go on with the humbug of warship weeks and the like, and they would prevent the vested interests from using their strategic position to dig in for the post-war period. I think, also, that they are a real insurance against inflation.

The third part of Mr. Davenport's book deals with the post-war period. In effect, it adapts his wartime scheme to the needs of reconstruction, adding an admirable and drastic change in the law of inheritance. The scheme involves the nationalisation of the banks, the State control of investment, and the state-management of iron and steel, coal and power, armaments, heavy engineering, and all the main public utilities. The land, of course, would be vested in the State ; the efficient farmer would be able to take a lease from the State of his farm. A considerable field is clearly left for private enterprise ; the pioneer and the investor would have ample scope in that field.

My own impression is definite that Mr. Davenport has made out a very powerful case for his plan. There are parts of the book which show that he knows far more of business from the inside than he does of the trade unions ; there are parts, also, which suggest that he has not fully grasped why Mr. Gladstone said at the end of his long career that politicians remained to him of all human beings the most mysterious. Some of the things he regards as simple seem to me pretty complex ; and some things he regards as beyond debate have wider ramifications than he has here set down.

I hope with all my power that Mr. Davenport's book will have the widest possible circulation, above all among that large section of British opinion which is uneasily aware that something is profoundly wrong with the productive side of our war effort, but do not know how to diagnose what is wrong. I even hope that economists the stature of Lord Keynes and Mrs. Robinson will devote their energies to making the meaning at least of its analysis, if not of its remedies, penetrate to those majestic heights on which the Prime Minister and his colleagues dwell. For it is time that someone made them aware, in the economic field, of the immense risks they are taking with the future of economic freedom in Great Britain. Mr. Davenport has done his part with remarkable effectiveness. He has made it clear beyond discussion that unless we are able very soon to persuade or compel the Prime Minister to swift and profound changes in his economic policy, we shall defeat Hitler only to be delivered into the hands of the same type of men for whom a Hitler is a necessary instrument. To have done this so that its stark dangers create a proper sense of urgency is a public service for which one cannot be too grateful.

HAROLD J. LASKI

OR SO THE STORY GOES

Covering All Fronts. By RALPH INGERSOLL. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

All Our To-morrows. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the New York *P.M.*, is " the only journalist who, during the war, has achieved a 30,000-mile circle of the globe and visited all its far-flung battlefronts." An enviable distinction. His five-months' journey covered the Pacific, China, Russia, the Caucasus, Egypt and the Mediterranean, Britain, the Atlantic. This, of course, was in 1941, when it was still possible for an electric hare to make the circuit, chased by events. To get to Moscow before it fell, to interview Stalin, to lift a last-minute story out of scorched lands and tumbling cities—that was all Mr. Ingersoll's intention when he set out. The year before, it may be remembered, he had made a similar swoop on England ; where he discovered that we had lost the Battle of Britain without knowing it, and without the Nazis knowing it either. That piece of scaremongering should not be forgotten by readers of his new book. *Covering All Fronts* belongs, perhaps, to a past when America's detachment from events provided a wonderful password to European front doors ; and Mr. Ingersoll, however much he might be on " our side," was hardly the man to undervalue such superiority. In fact you have only to glance at *Report on England* or the present volume to understand why he has never been very popular among his fellow correspondents. He *is*, of course, a good journalist ; in the sense of going for the hottest story and warming one's hands by it. He can pull wires. He can boast independence (he's his own editor, and his paper runs without advertisements). This freedom from restraint catches the imagination. But take a look at Mr. Ingersoll when his story's cold—read

A book that explains only
too well the menace
that is Germany

Europe and the German Question

by F. W. FOERSTER

"A book of quite supreme value for the understanding of the war."—*British Weekly.* "The most important study of Germany that has been published for at least a decade."—*National Review* 16*s net*

Why did France fall?

This is Not the End of France

by GUSTAV WINTER

An illuminating history of France from Versailles to Vichy, and after, by one who was a witness of these events. "One of the wiser, deeper and more humane explanations."—*Times Literary Supplement.* 12*s* 6*d net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

THREE TOPICAL BOOKLETS 6*d. each*

B.B.C. RELIGION
By CLERICUS

A searching analysis of B.B.C. religious propaganda by a clergyman who pleads for a higher intellectual standard and for a broader policy which will recognize the democratic principle of freedom of expression and enable all shades of religious thought to be presented.

THE RIDDLE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
AND A NEW SOLUTION
By A. GOWANS WHYTE, B.Sc.

The problem of religious education in schools is approached from a fresh angle, and a new and constructive solution is offered.

JAPAN'S NEW ORDER
By GEORGE GODWIN

A searching and well-documented exposure of Japan's ambition to outdo the Nazis in pursuit of world domination.

WATTS & CO.,
5 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4.

An immediate success

WOMEN
in
EXILE

A NOVEL BY JEAN ROSS

Author of "Flowers Without Sun," "We are Shadows." 9*s. net*

"A richer and much more interesting piece of work than the run of novels about wartime conditions . . . the oblique force of the story is much to be admired." *Times*

"A penetrating understanding of men and women in their customary relationships . . . a moving story . . . saints and sinners, rich folk and down-and-outs, her people are all individuals, alive and kicking." *Howard Spring*

"Her characters come leaping to life from the first page." *Grahame Greene*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

AMERICA
& THE AXIS
WAR

DENYS SMITH

An account of American reactions to European affairs during recent years by the principal correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in the United States. The book is well documented, sources are given and every statement is supported by quotation from reliable authority. A book for today and to-morrow. [15s net]

JONATHAN CAPE

Covering All Fronts, for example, and what becomes of his urgency, his bounce, his good will? How far, in fact, do we trust him? Well, that's a hard question.

But here is Mr. Ingersoll in the middle of his whirlwind visit to Cairo:

> Egypt, under the Middle East Command, was the place where still another British mechanised army was cut to pieces because it was ordered out of the position it had chosen—ordered by London. This was in the same campaign in which the vital petrol dumps were burned. Or so the story goes.

Or so the story goes. And on the previous page there has been another shocking revelation, about petrol shortage—" at least that's the story."

When Mr. Ingersoll returned to England, in May, last year:

> They were rebuilding damaged houses all over London, and the workmen were not stopping to take Sundays off.

If he had looked more carefully he would have found, I think, that the workmen were not rebuilding, but pulling down. This is a tiny detail, but are Mr. Ingersoll's big discoveries any more accurate? *Did* we lose the Battle of Britain in 1940? He says that the British Government keeps its best weapons at home and " sends to its own sons in Egypt only the second-best equipment." This may or may not be true of the time when it was written; one needs more than Mr. Ingersoll's statement.

That is one measure of *Covering All Fronts*. Its scoops are the interview with Stalin, the description of air raids in Chungking, the arguments about fighter and bomber planes (on which Mr. Ingersoll has some special knowledge), the flight back over the Altantic with oxygen running short at 20,000ft. His manner—that of playboy and envoy extraordinary—may irritate, but he has more than a nuisance-value. The question is, how much more?

All Our To-morrows is partly another instalment in Mr. Reed's autobiography, partly a ragbag of aversions, and partly (I wish he would confine himself to this) a serious criticism of English government and life in wartime. How many things he dislikes! Chiefly the B.B.C., which he seems to listen to at all hours, with nausea. Crooners, comedians, the 9 o'clock intonation—they come in for a good deal of screaming sarcasm in the course of 336 pages. Mr. Reed hasn't an effective turn of satire, though we respect him when he is angry and serious. His criticism of some of Mr. Churchill's henchmen (those who have survived every shuffle and loss of face), of the Whip system, the absence of an Opposition, the watering down of news adds up formidably, and it is a pity that he should waste himself on " modern decadence " in general. He has a strong case. He'd like to see us less lethargic, and a little gayer as well as better informed (who wouldn't?). He knows his fellow-countrymen and the enemy. Despite crotchets (his anti-Semitism becomes grotesque), one can't help liking him.

G. W. STONIER

A SUMMING UP

The Opinions of Oliver Allston. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There comes a moment in the life of most men of letters who have devoted themselves mainly to thinking about life and art, when the drawer marked " Obiter Dicta " is stuffed so full it will no longer shut. Then is the time to turn it out, to sort and docket and put in order the innumerable slips of paper it contains. The result may be put to disingenuous uses; but intellectual honesty is one of Mr. Brooks's most striking qualities, and this biography of his mind discovers one of the acutest critics of our time and the best writer on literature that America has produced since the last war.

Genuine frankness is not merely engaging, it tells us something about ourselves. Consider the following:

> If my letters were ever published—which heaven forbid—it would be seen that I have always been a most injudicious letter-writer. I have always been too impulsive—J. B. Yeats called me the " most impulsive of men," and he did not say it in praise. My way has always been to say yes, and then think it over; and, thinking, I often found that I was wrong. I had said not what my nature necessitated but what first came into my mind, because I was touched or pleased or flattered. I must often have appeared superficial without being so. I usually had the right perception, but my impulses came too rapidly for me to express it, and I was too flattered or too touched. Only now, after fifty, do I say at the first encounter (and not always even now) what, after thinking, I find that I feel and believe.

Certainly this stimulating book seems to show its author in both moods. His discursions deal with a large variety of subjects, including painting, Big Business, politics, science, and expatriation, as well as the ins and outs of literature itself. To give all this some kind of unity Mr. Brooks has adopted the method of writing about himself as a fictitious character whose opinions are sometimes quoted directly, at others in *oratio obliqua*. This kind of joke always seems to me pointless and rather affected: no real alibi is provided, and the constant alteration of focus irritates without enhancing communication. However, that is no very great matter here, since cleverness is not the note of this book. As his remarkable studies in American literary history have shown, Mr. Brooks prefers the instruments of sensitivity and intelligence, which cut deeper. And this is perhaps the place to add that he writes beautifully, with a plainness that never becomes tedious or flat.

" A great writer is a great man writing." This remark, which is not a truism, contains the essence of Mr. Brooks's attitude to art and its interaction with life, and receives support from his further contentions, that " certain elements in men are constant "; that " the constancy of these elements results in standards," and that " inasmuch as these standards exist, they presuppose the objectivity of literary truth." It will be seen that this author bears no relation to the smart-alecs of twentieth century thought. Iconoclasm has no appeal for him; his care for literary tradition—especially American literary tradition—is profound.

A few bees buzz in this shapely bonnet, the most insistent being a resentment, amounting at times to hatred, for expatriate writers (expecially Americans). It is all very well for him to say: " I can make my peace with any view of the world that is held by the master of a good style." Henry James wrote well, by any standard; yet Mr. Brooks pursues him with the rancour of a tormented governess, even going so far as to dismiss *The Wings of the Dove* as " poor in subject matter " —an opinion that puts its author in a galley he elsewhere explicitly disowns. Writers like James and T. S. Eliot and Joyce are all, in their several ways, open to grave objections; but the grotesque lack of appreciation shown to them by Mr. Brooks goes some way towards impairing the general validity of a book that is otherwise fascinating and often profound.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

DIFFERENT SORTS OF TWINS

Twins and Super-Twins. By HORATIO HACKETT NEWMAN. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is the first volume in a new series of books to be called " The Advancement of Science Series." If this is a fair specimen, it should be an interesting and valuable one. Dr. Newman, who is Professor of Zoology at the University of Chicago, has long been known as a leading student of twins and the problems which they raise. It was Francis Galton who first drew attention

Published To-morrow

THE PACIFIC SCENE

HURRICANE'S WAKE

by Ray Kauffman

The epic voyage of the ketch *Hurricane* round the world, *via* Panama, Tahiti, Sydney, Java, Singapore, Indian and South Atlantic Oceans. Packed with adventure and illustrated by magnificent photographs.

15*s. net*

LEONORA STARR

The Heart of the Falconer

" Romance with distinction and charm." 7*s.* 6*d. net*

HERBERT JENKINS

WAR
in the
WORKSHOPS

Jack Owen 1/3 net

" As a valuable contribution to understanding of the position in the war factories, I strongly recommend a little book by Mr. Jack Owen, just published by Lawrence & Wishart . . . As an engineering worker of long experience who is still working in a big armament factory, Mr. Owen can claim the authority of one who is accustomed to see the basic weaknesses at very close quarters."—*New Statesman & Nation, July 18, 1942.*

TRADE DEPT.:
100, Great Russell St., W.C.1

LAWRENCE & WISHART
2, Southampton Place, W.C.1

NEWS OF AN UNCOMMON BOOK

What of the road that Man travels? What of Life's meaning, purpose, goal? These greatest of questions are forcefully dealt with in an engrossing and original book:

'INFINITE TRAVELLER'

by
CHARLOTTE BACON

Its difficult theme has been handled with great skill; its facts are convincing; its allegories striking; its reasoning clear and sound; its argument forceful and its conclusions stimulating to highest hope. Everyman's book.

". . . a delightful and provocative Essay."
—*Times Lit. Supp.*

" It would be difficult to read this book and retain any misgiving that life may be a regrettable accident on the planet, or wisdom a meaningless quest."—
Kenneth Richmond, in The Observer.

". . . of intense interest to the seeker after ultimate reality."—
V. H. F., in Country Life.

PRICE **8/6**

WILLIAMS & NORGATE LTD.,
36, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

RUSSIAN FAMILIES

PEARL BINDER's story of ordinary Russian people in their everyday lives in city, country, factory and home. With 47 drawings. 7s. 6d.

WAR & THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF PEACE

By DR. WILLIAM BROWN, the leading exponent of the psychological aspect of international relations. 7s. 6d.

U.S.S.R.
PICTORIAL SURVEY

Set I: 32 Russian photographs of Landscape, Peoples, Agriculture, Industry (a school publication of general interest). 2s. 6d.

★

Adam & Charles Black

to the light which twins might be expected to throw on the relative parts played by heredity and environment in the development of human physique and human character. More than half a century ago, Galton wrote:

> Many a person has amused himself with throwing bits of stick into a tiny brook and watching their progress; how they are arrested, first by one chance obstacle and then by another; and again how their onward course is facilitated by a combination of circumstances. He might ascribe much importance to each of these events, and think how largely the destiny of the stick had been governed by a series of trifling accidents.
>
> Nevertheless, all the sticks succeed in passing down the current, and in the long run they travel at nearly the same rate. So it is with life, in respect to the several accidents which seem to have had a great effect upon our careers. The one element that varies in different individuals, but is constant in each of them, is the natural tendency; it corresponds to the current in the stream and inevitably asserts itself.

To-day, few of us are prepared to give so low a place as did Galton to the influence of circumstance, or so high a place to inborn characteristics. Sentimentally, perhaps, we are inclined to over-stress both the evil and the beneficent possibilities of post-natal contacts and of different environments. There are numerous true stories in this book of Professor Newman's that furnish food for corrective thought.

Twins are much commoner than most of us suspect. We are told that there are now living in the United States at least two million twins, triplets and quadruplets; and in this book, which the author tells us he has written for the general reader with a taste for reliable science, he tries to give reliable answers to most of the questions about twins that ordinary people ask: What causes twins? Can one twin know what the other is thinking about? How do Siamese twins arise? How many kinds of twins, triplets, etc., are there?—and so on. At the very beginning Professor Newman explains to the uninitiated that there are two distinct and different kinds of twins: one-egg twins and two-egg twins. One-egg twins, commonly called "identical" (a misleading term, since even one-egg twins are never fully identical), are the product of the fertilisation of a single egg, which subsequently divides into two; the resulting individuals are, therefore, of the same sex, either both males or both females, and are "duplicate editions of one and the same person." Two-egg twins are a pair of infants born together, but derived from two separate eggs, each fertilised by a different sperm; they are, therefore, no more nearly related, except in the matter of time, than are any other pair of brothers, sisters, or of brother and sister; for the two may be of the same or of different sexes. Triplets may result from fertilisation of one egg, two eggs or three eggs; similarly with quadruplets and even with quintuplets—the Dionne quins, who, the author tells us, attract more foreign visitors to Canada than does any other single natural wonder—rivalling "Niagara Falls and the Yellowstone National Park as a major objective of sightseers"—are said to be of one-egg origin. Some of the life stories of one-egg twins, who have, almost from birth, been reared apart in very dissimilar environments, throw new light on the problems of so-called telepathy. The whole book is simply and clearly written, and is singularly free from undue credulity and from undue scepticism.

HARRY ROBERTS

EDUCATION IN ARCHITECTURE

The Bombed Buildings of Britain. Edited by J. M. RICHARDS, with Notes by JOHN SUMMERSON. *Architectural Press.* 15s.

The public-spirited and enterprising editor of the *Architectural Review* has compiled this photographic "record of architectural casualties, 1940-1941" and Mr. Summerson contributes historical notes that reveal not only erudition but a discriminating taste. The photographs of damage have usually been taken soon after the attack, before their tragic picturesqueness had been diminished by tidying. Some of the buildings are shown also, in photographs or prints, as they were before the Germans came; and the record, I suggest, would have been twice as valuable if this had been done in every case where the damage was serious. We are credibly informed by Mr. Summerson that Brewer's Hall was "unquestionably the finest of the Halls rebuilt after the Fire"; that the organ-case and vestry of St. Lawrence, Jewry, were "of fabulous magnificence"; that St. Mildred's, Bread Street, contained "a particularly gorgeous pulpit"; that the baroque Tower of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, was "brilliant and magnificent"; that St. Alphege's, Greenwich, was "a particularly splendid church"; that the interior of Portman House was full of "exquisite, sparkling decorations"—and then we are exasperated to find no illustrations of these vanished glories. I can hardly believe that no photographs of them exist; and if they do not, our attention should have been called to so shameful a negligence.

In all other respects the book is exemplary. Of course, it is only an anthology, for a complete catalogue would fill volumes; and every reader is likely to regret the absence of some building that was specially dear to him. I, for instance, should have valued photographs of the south side of Fitzroy Square; and of Bedford Row, which was one of the most satisfactory streets left in London, with only the corner houses rebuilt. Mr. Richards has rightly included specimens even of late Victorian architecture, and one is interested, if not altogether convinced, to find St. John's, Red Lion Square, built by Pearson in the 1870s, among the masterpieces that Mr. Summerson signals as worthy of reconstruction. (Presumably if this were done, the restoring architect would not be so pedantic as to reproduce the horrible texture and insensitive ornament with which even the best churches of this period were defaced; and, rebuilt in better material, the church would display more clearly the great merits of its design.)

In the early days of the raids there was some foolish controversy about whether damaged buildings, the City churches in particular, should be demolished, restored, or rebuilt elsewhere. As Mr. Richards points out, "each case must be decided on its own merits, topographical, social and architectural." The Ecclesiastical authorities, if they are to be judged by their deplorable record, will be anxious to demolish much too freely, and we must hope that their decisions will be overruled, when necessary, in the public interest. The noble churches of England are a public heritage, and it is criminal to treat them as the private capital of the Establishment, to be run through because the faithful are unready to provide the income required in other parishes.

Many of the Victorian churches, on the other hand, look far the better for their wounds; and I am glad that such an authority as Mr. Richards seconds a plea already made in this journal:

> A few of the bomb-wrecked buildings might well be left as permanent ruins—not, one hastens to add, as object-lessons to future warmongers or for any other moral purpose—but for the sake of the intensely evocative atmosphere they possess in common with all ruins, which gives them an architectural vitality of their own: and frankly for their beauty. To posterity they will as effectually represent the dissolution of our pre-war civilisation as Fountains Abbey does the dissolution of the monasteries.

MEMORY EFFICIENCY
AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT

By J. Louis Orton. 4/6
This book tells how to acquire a photographic memory. In mastering its contents, doubt, indecision, and fear disappear. Inferiority complex is conquered by a confidence based upon the firm foundation of a well-trained mind.

MIND YOUR MIND: Simple Psychology for the Layman
By William Welby. 5/6
To enable the ordinary man and woman to appreciate and understand the elements of Psychology this book has been written.

HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE
By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.

KNOW THY BODY: The Wonders Within Us
By Medicus, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. 4/-
The most entertaining psychological work ever written. This book explains the working of every human organ. You will understand yourself the better by reading this popular work.

THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING and other Functional Speech Disorders
By J. Louis Orton. 3/4
The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are clearly set out in this successful book.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.
Mentioned by the "Brains Trust" in a recent broadcast.

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR
By J. C. Thomson. 1/3
Giving details of home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.

Prices include postage. Obtainable through your Booksellers or direct from
THORSON'S, *Publishers*,
Dept. 169, 91 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue FREE on request.

INTERNAL FREE TRADE

Internal free trade is vital to the maintenance of the standard of life of the British people.

Forty-six million people cannot live on this small island without international trade—without exchanging our products with those of other peoples. Others will not take our goods and permit us to have theirs unless we produce at prices which they can afford to pay for them.

We cannot produce goods at those prices unless we have internal freedom of competition which will give all our people the opportunity of production or service. By that means alone can we secure abundance at low prices and maintain a high standard of craftsmanship. No huge increase in the production of paper money can raise the standard of life. The only method of raising the standards of the people is by abundant and free production resulting in low prices.

Before this war began our tendency was towards increasing rigidity and lack of freedom in our internal trade. Political policy which gave subsidies to sectional interests caused unfair competition. There were ever-growing demands for more by sections of the community regardless of what they contributed to the National pool of production or service, and regardless of the merits of individuals. Superior individual merit was not adequately rewarded. Because of that our prices were high and many of the best workmen left the country. Because we were incapable of exchanging goods for goods, we had to sell up our stored-up wealth in the form of gold or foreign investments. The Nation's reserves have now gone.

Britain is now faced with a problem which she cannot avoid. It must be solved with goodwill and understanding. When our people have experienced more of the disasters of planned industry they will return to the principles which made our people great. Write for particulars of the work of the Free Trade Legion and send sevenpence in stamps for our pamphlets and literature.

88, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SKEFFINGTON
"NEEDS OF TO-DAY"
LIBRARY
CUT THIS LIST OUT AND KEEP IT

For the War

OUR FAITH. *By the Bishop of Barking.* 7/6 (post 4d.).
COMFORT YE. *Rev. D. C. Tibbenham.* 5/- (post 4d.).
FAMILIAR MATTER OF TO-DAY. *Rev. L. B. Ashby, M.A.* Paper, 2/6 (post 3d.).
WAR-TIME INTERCESSIONS. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 2/6 (post 3d.)
SERMONS FOR THE WAR. *Revs. L. B. Ashby, M.A., J. A. Craigie, M.A., G. Lacey May, M.A., Philip Thorburn, A.K.C., and Alfred Thomas, M.A.* Paper, 2/- (post 3d.).

For Bible Study

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE. *C. J. Grist, F.R.Ent.S., F.C.S., F.Z.S.* 7/6 (post 4d.).
THE ETERNAL PRAYER. *Rev. W. W. Joyce, M.A.* 2/6 (post 3d.).
THE BOOK LUMINOUS. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 5/- (post 3d.).
THE GLORY OF THE BIBLE. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 6d. (post 1d.).
THE SOLACE OF THE SOUL. *Rev. L. H. Key.* 3/6 (post 4d.).

From Booksellers or by post only from
47 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7
SKEFFINGTON

INTRODUCING–
Cigar-lets
THE CIGAR'S "LITTLE BROTHER
And not quite so little! CIGARLETS are Cigars in miniature, in a cigarette paper wrapping and are a good satisfying smoke. Made from choice imported Cigar Tobaccos, CIGARLETS rival their big Brothers in taste, fragrance and aroma.
20 for 2d
FROM ALL GOOD TOBACCONISTS & N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

With vegetation judiciously applied to their walls, and grass growing where once gleamed the encaustic tile, some Victorian churches could become poetical oases in the basely utilitarian Sahara of modern London.

"The public mind"—I again quote Mr. Richards—"has universally identified the destruction of the congested centres of our cities with the possibilities of reconstruction." Manchester, one may point out, has been presented by the Germans with a great square in its centre, which it is essential to retain as an open space and embellish with the art of the architectural gardener. But against such obvious improvements vested interests, public as well as private, are likely to fight with all the ferocity of avarice. The wicked capitalist is more easily bridled than the ignorant corporation. In one of the most heavily damaged cities the treasurer of the city council recently tried to prevent the permanent clearing of a space because this would entail a loss to the rates. Indeed, we cannot hope for a more civilised treatment of our inherited treasures while the immense majority of even the "educated" class remains so innocent of architectural knowledge. One would be interested to know how many Members of the House of Commons or the L.C.C. could tell, by looking at it, whether a building belonged to the sixteenth, eighteenth or twentieth century. Both for children and adults, I suggest, some education in architecture is even more necessary than in painting and music. For architecture is the most directly social of the arts, and everyone unless blind or bedridden sees buildings every day. The C.E.M.A. is already circulating well-thought-out exhibitions of town-planning, and I understand that exhibitions of architecture are being prepared. This is a most important beginning; for until members of public bodies gain a little architectural knowledge, they will often, innocently, continue to be no less vandalistic than urban landlords.

Architecture, moreover, is comparatively easy to study, because examples of the important English styles are to be found in every area. This pleasant fact is brought home painfully in Mr. Richards's book by the illustrations of damage in the provinces. The Norman tower of Southwick Church in Sussex, the handsome perpendicular of Great Coggeshall in Essex, are rural casualties. How charming again are—or were—Priory Row, Coventry; Berkeley Square, Bristol; Holy Trinity Church, Clifton; High Street, Portsmouth; the White Hart at Newmarket; the Round House, Dover; the Custom House and Blue Coat Chambers, Liverpool.' One fact quietly stated by Mr. Summerson deserves particular attention; Trinity Almhouses at Hull "were scheduled for demolition before the war." The kind Germans have wrecked this urbane construction before the City Fathers could get their hands on it. Might not these gentlemen benefit by such adult education as I have here taken occasion to advocate?

Raymond Mortimer

SCIENCE AND PLANNING

The Scientific Life. By John R. Baker. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. John R. Baker has chosen the present time to found a Society for Freedom in Science and has published a book which no doubt is intended to illustrate its aims and objects. He starts by describing the act of scientific discovery. He relates how the idea of structural formulae in organic chemistry flashed into the mind of Kekulé as he was sitting on the top of a bus running from Islington to Clapham Common, and how the idea of the benzene ring came to him as he was musing by the fire. "Let us learn to dream, gentlemen," said Kekulé, and "then perhaps we shall find the truth."

The German chemical genius was uttering a profound truth. But it is not the whole truth about scientific discovery, nor even the major part of it. Before Kekulés can dream effectively they must be provided with many things. They must have enough to exist on, and they must live in a society that considers their dreams worth while. Science and scientific thought cannot grow in a society that does not esteem them. Further, the synthetic imagination of Kekulé would have been useless without the accumulation of fact by his predecessors. Scientific discovery is a complicated process in which the activity of any individual is an essential part, but only a part. By examining the act of discovery from the subjective view of the discoverer, Dr. Baker ignores the objective factors which contribute to its occurrence. He consequently interprets the progress of science as mainly due to the talent of the discoverer and his freedom to choose his own problem. The mind wandereth where it listeth, and no man can foresee where the next discovery will be made. From this subjective position, Dr. Baker deduces that discovery cannot be planned, and that attempts to plan the development of science will lead to its destruction. A whole constellation of ideas goes with this view. Dr. Baker considers there are about five hundred scientists in this country who are capable of making considerable discoveries. They are generally unfitted for politics by their modesty and detachment, and desire only a quiet corner in which to dream. Planning would be their ruin.

What is the actual position? The human race is engaged in a struggle which will determine the nature of civilisation for centuries. On one side there is an alliance of democratic nations and on the other a band of Fascist tyrants. The democratic nations have suffered a frightful series of disasters from various causes, one of the most important of which is the failure to have sufficiently planned the development of science, and another the failure of scientists to have secured sufficient influence on the conduct of operations.

Dr. Baker's assertions that the planning of discovery is impossible, that scientists are unfitted to take part in politics, that they need not use more apparatus than can be carried on a butler's tray, etc., might have had some truth in the eighteenth century. But to-day they merely confirm scientists, in an out-moded and false opinion of their role, and statesmen and people in their opinion of the triviality of science.

During the last ten years an effort has been made by a number of English scientific writers to awaken the people, statesmen and scientists themselves to the social implications of science. This effort has not had much effect, except on the minds of the young, but its aims have been furthered by events quite beyond the strength of the writers. It has been found impossible to survive without the intelligent use of planned science on a vast scale. Many of those who were most contemptuous of planned science ten years ago now demand it as a necessity for survival.

This situation plainly reveals the reactionary nature of Dr. Baker's attack on planned science. If it were successful it would knock from our hands the decisive weapon that can bring us victory, and him the opportunity to dream.

J. G. Crowther

Week-end Competitions

No. 654

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Tennyson's *The Daisy* celebrates memories of foreign travel in a metre not, I think, elsewhere used in English. Competitors are invited to write three stanzas in the same metre and on a similar theme.

What of the Future?

A LITTLE HELP WHEN IT IS NEEDED IS WORTH A DEAL OF PITY

OVER 6000 CHILDREN TO FEED AND CLOTHE EVERY DAY

Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary.

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

EL ST., PINNER, MIDDX.

Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

Backward from Birth–

Those whose minds can never properly develop may be greatly improved by expert training under medical supervision at the

ROYAL EARLSWOOD INSTITUTION

REDHILL, SURREY

Founded 1847. Patron: H.M. the King

Private patients of all ages received from £125 p.a. to £375 p.a. Training schools for children; workshops under skilled masters for youths; suitable occupation available for older patients. Full facilities for recreation. 130-acre Farm and Kitchen Gardens. Improvable patients for whom full fees cannot be paid are accepted by a definite number of Subscribers' votes and part payment of cost.

Full information and advice given at the Institution by the Secretary, Mr. H. S. Stephens (Tele. Redhill 344), to whom inquiries should be addressed.

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA **COOLTIPT** 20 for 2/-

** For 'Virginia' Smokers*

'Too good to waste a single crumb'

HŌVIS for HEALTH & VIGOUR

Best Bakers Bake it. *Macclesfield*

RULES—

Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 651

Set by Audrey Hilton

Competitors are invited to produce a "bread-and-butter" letter of not more than 250 words thanking for a visit to one of the following :—Charles Foster Kane, Lord Sparkenbroke, any Compton-Burnett family, "Mandalay" (from Rebecca), Margot Metroland, a group from a Eugene O'Neill play, Mrs. Alving, La Dame aux Camellias, Mrs. Proudie, or the Duchesse de Guermantes.

Report by Audrey Hilton

Competitors had the choice of parody or straightforward imitation, but the better entries combined the two. Trollope's prose least repaid the faithful copyist, for his effects are largely cumulative, and the numerous snippets of near-Trollope were mostly dull. Leslie Johnston had the provocative idea of sending one Matilda Brown, spinster, to stay with La Dame aux Camellias (" I was sorry not to have had an opportunity of bidding you goodbye . . . but I quite understood the position as I overheard one of your friends explaining that you were kept "). Julian Orde's letter from a character in Miss Compton Burnett's unwritten novel *Governors and Governesses* hints blandly at all sorts of horrors. No one visited the Sparkenbroke family seat or the Hôtel de Guermantes, and no one who stayed under Eugene O'Neill's elms seems to have been sufficiently impressed. I recommend that the first prize should be divided between Arthur Marshall and F.C.C. Both these letters give us a picture of the writer, as a good letter should, as well as a comment upon the recipient. Allan M. Laing and Gunner Kenny tie for second prize for their admirable imitations.

Waldorf-Astoria.
Wednesday.

Dear Mr. Kane,—I was so sorry to see from the papers that Mrs. Kane was seedy and so I am writing to you to say that Jim and I feel different creatures after our stay with you at Xanadu. It was so pleasant to catch that glimpse of you at the picnic and we much appreciated your sweet thought in getting Mrs. Kane to sing for us ; it was indeed a treat to hear her at such close quarters and I personally never seem to tire of Salammbo.

As you see we are back in New York, where we all seem to live practically on top of one another. You will be glad to hear that Jim's laryngitis is better and I am thankful to say that my silly old feet really seem on the mend at last.

Please scratch Poll from us ; I have never known a more intelligent bird, it was almost as if he understood every word we said.

With renewed thanks,
Sincerely,
Alice B. Hawkworth.

P.S.—I find that Jim foolishly left behind a pair of shoe-trees, rather old-fashioned ones but they were his father's. Could they possibly be sent on to us here, but if they've been thrown into the glory-hole please don't worry ; we won't give them another thought. (ARTHUR MARSHALL)

Dear Mrs. Alving,—Please forgive my slowness in writing. I wanted to tell you that we are safe home from our happy tour and that your Oswald did meet us at the Gare du Nord. We were both feeling rather sad that our holiday was over, and he insisted on giving us a splendid supper. I never thought a station restaurant, even in Paris, could be a background for such enchanting gaiety. He is absurdly like the photograph of your husband in his lieutenant's uniform. He brought with him two charming young Frenchmen, both painters, and three attractive young women, who I don't think were painters.

And now to explain the parcel which comes with this The volumes of J. S. Mill are for you. They look rather grim to me, but I knew you wanted them. Please give *Sanitation for Asylums* to Pastor Manders with my best regards. I couldn't find a pamphlet specially bearing on Orphanages, as I had hoped. The pink satin blouse is for Regina, as I know it is her favourite colour and material. And do tell that dear old carpenter who was so sorry about my sketchbook being burnt that the children simply love the wooden bear he carved for them.

And here comes your kind p.c. Tell Regina not to trouble about that forgotten umbrella. Yes, we did buy it new at Stockholm, as you say ; but it did yeoman service for our six weeks at Rosenvold. That one morning when we didn't need it and I saw the sunrise from our bedroom window over the fiord—shall I ever forget it ? Yours ever gratefully,

(F.C.C.)

Darling Margot,—Thanks my pet, for a heavenly week-end. It was truly divine and I can't *imagine* darling, *what* we should do without you. One meets such peculiar people at your house, darling—if you know what I mean !

Not of course dearest, that *you* are peculiar.

We got back in less than an hour in the Rolls, just in time for Miles' party in the Adelphi Arches.

It was rampageous my dear and divinely creepy and the arches came in *so* useful for such a number of things. Only *you* would understand ! It was a shame the party was broken up by some quite stink-making old men and women at about 2 a.m., who called in the police as they said they *slept* there ! *Imagine* it ! !

My dear ! We were actually all herded out like a *drove* of sheep my dear into the cold morning air, and had to taxi home as the cars had been ordered for 4 a.m. Really darling, I *don't* know what this country is coming to. One can do positively *nothing* amusing without getting into trouble.

I do wish you'd been there though, my dear as you could have given one great brute of a policeman a bit of your mind. *I* had just started to but Miles stopped me as he thought he looked rather nice. My dear, isn't he just the end—just the absolute *end* ?

Well, goodbye darling and swirls of thanks again. Don't forget next Friday. I've got that cow Screchona to sing and Monty has promised to cut her shoulder straps during " Caro nome "—won't it be *Heaven* ! ! ?

Milles baisers,
Linette.
(GNR. D. C. KENNY)

[Charlotte Stanhope begged Bertie not to send this letter to Mrs. Proudie, but Bertie only laughed, and insisted.]

Dear Mrs. Proudie,—I am afraid this letter is perhaps a week or two late, but if you knew me as well as I hope you will, you wouldn't expect me to write at all. I am gifted, but lazy. However, yours is not the sort of hospitality one forgets to acknowledge : besides, were I guilty of such an oversight, you might not ask me again, and that would make both me and your charming daughters inconsolable. But I look forward to the exchange of many sweet nothings with Olivia, Augusta and Netta (especially Netta), when the privilege of their good mother's conversation is not to be had. And if these pleasures are denied me, no doubt my very good friend the Bishop, when Mr. Slope can spare him, will be glad to have my views on the superior ritual of the Church of Rome, or my candid opinion of certain local episcopal errors, or perhaps my fascinating personal experiences of conversion to Judaism. I think I can tell him things that will surprise him. Expect an informal call from me one of these days. Meanwhile, I hope dear Olivia's gown was not irretrievably ruined when I spilt the claret. She is a delightful girl, and has forgiven me, I am sure.

A rivederci,
Bertie Stanhope

P.S.—I wonder could the Bishop lend me ten pounds ? The need is very pressing, believe me.

(ALLAN M. LAING)

GREECE
Exclusive News and Views
Those interested in the cause of Greece are reading "Hellas," the Greek National Weekly printed in both Greek and English. "Hellas"—the voice of Greece—contains inside news of Greek affairs and articles of current interest and high literary merit by prominent English and Greek writers.
3d. weekly from Bookstalls and Stationers, or from Hellas Publishing Co., Ltd., 16 Park Street, London, W.1 Post free :—8/6 for 6 months. 17/- for 12 months.
HELLAS

Specialised Training
THE Archer Nerve Training Colony, Langley Rise, King's Langley, Herts. Reduced fee period for any fortnight till September 15, to give tired but upstanding people an opportunity to learn methods of systematic Relaxation, and how to achieve real rest. Reception area. Official air raid shelters installed. Apply : SECRETARY. Tel. : King's Langley 7519.
PRE-CONSCRIPTION Age Training for Post-war Home Life. Miss P. L. Garbutt, Director of the Good Housekeeping Institute, 28/30, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, announces the opening of a Homecraft School where a selected number of girls, of school-leaving age, may take an intensive course in homecraft. The School is situated in a " safe " Surrey area and conditions will approximate as nearly as possible to those of normal home life. Students will be under the supervision of fully trained Domestic Science teachers. The first course commences in September. Prospectus on application to the above address.

FALSE TEETH
and worth-while advice
Do not suffer unnecessary pain and embarrassment by wearing a badly fitting denture. Try sprinkling the contact surface with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, a tasteless white powder which will hold it firmly and comfortably in correct position. Also keep your plate clean and fresh by brushing regularly with KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER*, recommended by dentists for removal of stains and food debris.
Obtainable from all Chemists
Fixative 1/3d & 3/3d; Powder 1/3d

PURELY PERSONAL
RECOGNITION TEST. Look for the King on the Band and you'll plainly recognise King Six as a fine Cigar. And for only 10½d. there's no finer smoke !

A Kentish War Medallist
THIS VITAL SERVICE MUST GO ON
The work of the Life-boat Service must go on. Five times as many calls are being made on it now as in time of Peace.
Your contribution is more than ever needed. Send it to-day.
ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer, Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary

SPARE-TIME WRITING
If you are interested in writing, FICTION, JOURNALISM, POETRY, RADIO PLAYS, study at HALF-FEES by correspondence in spare time with the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM—the only School under the direct patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press" from Prospectus Office, L.S.J. 57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

Foreign Languages
Courses for beginners wishing to learn to read and write French, German, Italian and Spanish by self-education have long been a successful feature of U.C.C. coaching. To these has now been added a similar course in RUSSIAN. The Course consists of 20 Lessons and assumes no previous knowledge of the language. It will take the learner to the standard required for London University Matriculation, but can equally well be used by those who have no examination in view.
Particulars of U.C.C. Courses from Registrar,
University Correspondence College
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

DAILY WORKER
The ban has lasted
571 DAYS
TO-DAY
And Mr. Morrison says the ban is not permanent !
●
DAILY WORKER LEAGUE,
150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.